

SING

and friends:
ing persons in any part
as far as possible, but
ren, or any one in dis-
regarding them, to the
Inquiry" on the evening
if possible, to give in
tends are requested to
column and to notify in
ble to give any information
for.

insertion.)

K. 30 years of age,
dark hair, blue eyes,
Carpenter and
Not heard of since
address No. 6 De-
real, and also De-
Refuge, Montreal,
Toronto.

BAIRN. Age 70
7 in. dark hair,
missing for a num-
ber of years, address
Lincoln Street, Reg-
ist. Was a farmer,
Toronto.

WILLIAM CRAB
and 70 years. Last
hidden Bridge, Hal-
like to know the
press Enquiry, To-
ronto.

re 40, height 6 ft.,
es, fair complexion,
st known address
Sister enquire,
Toronto.

INGTON. Age 2
6 in. grey eye
build, fresh com-
back of left hand
ss Port Malbone
re Khondike, 888
Enquiry, Toron-

ROBERT YOUNG
outs in the Sun-
to Scotland, at
parties returned
last heard of in
17 years of age.

Age also
live in Ham-
land, Boltern-
en enquires, 35
onto.

insertion.)

ACH. Belonged to
il. Money waiting
Enquiry, Toronto.

NAY. NORTON
ge 20, very tall
over 6 feet), clean
taven, brown hair,
ue eyes. Slightly
imperate. Left De-
oit on route to
enfrow, but per-
ached his destina-
on. Conductor sat
in on the platform
Smith's Fall
other very an-
try, Toronto.

2145. Last heard
was in Rossland
ge, height 5 ft. 11
hair and eyebrows
dead or alive, by
inquiry, Toronto.

In 1894 was in
between 25 and
alive or dead.

s, Thomas, Paul,
holas, and John
self sisters. Wren-
gow, N. S., and
from for over 10
se in the U. S. A.
Quanda. Address

Last known at
c.o. Mrs. Smith
atreal, Que. 16
0.

Official Gazette of
ny, printed at
M. C. Horn & A.
8 Albert Street

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year. No. 38

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO JUNE 17, 1899.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Comptroller.

Price, 5 Cents.



A FIRE-PROOF FAITH.

(See article on page 4)

raws near, how'er delayed
the eternal gate,
to words and works we ent
vill hands alone,
to Him. Our nakedness of
that gate no toll:
to come to Him, Who all
gives, because He lives.
—Whittier.
xxxxxx
difficult comes to thee, now
is not thine,
my cease to shine
earth shall meet its morn.
—Musklin.
xxxxxx
you from its face: I read
him; then take ye up the
tread or leave the un-
way,
o'er it, meet ye what ye
souls within you to the
follow-spirits bid you
—Butler.
xxxxxx
what too long we have
hers been and downcast
orn—seen before
higher desolates,
irrevocable past
asted, wholly vain,
s wrecks, at last,
nobler we attain,
—Longfellow.
xxxxxx
tion of created things
my ascend to God,
—Milton.
xxxxxx
The madness to defer:
fatal precedent will
fdom is pushed out of
Is the thief of time:
—It steals, till all are
mercedes of a moment
ms of an eternal scene.
—Tennyson.
xxxxxx
Is weakness or excess,
of God's omnipotence,
a seeming darkness, is
right, although averted
—Longfellow.
xxxxxx
slights wait there,
strength go to each,
strengths elude thee,
and what these can
—A. Proctor.
t Necessary.

THE S. A. WAR IN JAMAICA.

By ADPT. BAX, C. S. Jamaica.

IT is pleasant, whether one is in the Mother Country, or in a foreign land, or any of our colonies, to feel that wherever the Flag flies, it is Ours work. At any rate, that is the writer's feelings, and it is a source of encouragement as I scan with interest the dear Canadian Cry on its arrival at our headquarters, and in reading of the victories achieved in that large Dominion, that we are fellow-comrades in the pushing of the Salvation war, and no matter whether in Canada or Jamaica, that bond of love binds us together.

There are also several officers in your land whom the writer had the privilege of fighting with as Cadets and soldiers in the Old Country.

How goes the war in Jamaica? Brigadier Rolfe, the leader of our work in Jamaica, has just celebrated his full anniversary on Jamaican soil, and it figures are anything to go by (and I

amendment has recently appointed Brigadier Rolfe to be a Marriage Officer, which act has met with universal satisfaction. The city council of Kingston has also granted us an acre of land for a Burial Ground at the May Pen Cemetery, in connection with the Kingston parish.

We are experiencing some very blessed times at many of the corps. At Port Antonio our camped for over two years has been the open-air, but we have recently secured the old Town Hall, at a rental of \$10 per week, which seats some five hundred people, the Western Methodists lending us seats, and the rent being paid by two of the leading gentlemen of the place. Already there are signs of a blessed awakening at this corps.

At St. Ann's Bay, also, a very blessed work, under the leadership of Ensign Mary Jane Smith (our only native Staff Officer) is being accomplished. Ensign Mary Jane is sound to the principles of the S. A., and is at home in leading her meetings as well as in the training of officers for the Field, besides having charge of St. Ann's Bay section, comprising nine corps. In 1880 Ensign Mary Jane (then Captain) was one of a representative party that went to the Crystal Palace and toured through England, where she won the hearts of the English people. She is a real Blood-and-Fire woman and is deeply in earnest for the salvation of the people.

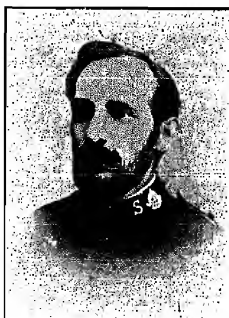
Jamaica is, without doubt, one of the prettiest places on the universe; for scenery it is grand, its mountains and valleys are ever green with the thousands of trees and plants that grow, for in Jamaica we have one perpetual summer, and one has to lose the old times:

"Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile,"
for the island would truly be a paradise below, but for the sin that mars it.

Prospects.

The prospects for our work are brighter to-day than ever. Our officers are pulling into line splendidly, and are catching the living, booming spirit that permeates Salvationists every where. Our luck is in suitable buildings for barracks. The majority of our barracks are made of cocoanut boughs, which are very nice and cool for the warm weather, but when the rain comes they are not water-tight. We, however, hope to secure better places as we advance, and at some of our corps officers are building barracks, for they are not behind in planning and erecting a building, which can be put up for about £30 or £40 in all, seeing they get a good deal of free labor.

We are expecting Commissioner Riddell with us in a few weeks' time, who will be staying two or three months, to thoroughly inspect the work. On his visit we are all arranging to have "special gos" in the chief places. At the same time the Com-



BRIGADIER ROLFE,
Commanding Officer Jamaica Corps.

think they are), things are truly bright. The officers have gone up from 25 to 110, an increase of 85, while the soldiery has increased from 250 to about 1,000, and besides these there are over 500 recruits.

There is, however, no getting away from the fact that the fighting is hard, and that there are many things that one has to make up his or her mind to face, if they mean to have success. But a Salvation Soldier is prepared for hardships, and they expect them.

The work of the Salvation Army in Jamaica is practically a "loosen work," for it is said to say that the morals of Jamaica are at a very low ebb. The Salvation Army, through the grace of God, is not only reaching these dear people, but putting new desires into them, and hundreds who were slaves to immoral practices are living lives of purity and happiness. Seeing that the country is held by such a race, readers of the Cry will readily understand the need of patience here, for we are fully determined to win at all costs.

Enthusiasm.

There is no lack of this. Jamaicans must have life; being naturally an enthusiastic people, the S. A. suits them, and when we visit a small hamlet with only a dozen or so houses and huts, we hear our drums and sound the trumpet, and a good crowd soon gathers. The people of Jamaica are passionately fond of music and are very quick to learn; having a very good ear, they can soon pick up our tunes.

Self-Denial.

The Self-Denial has just recently closed, and although we cannot boast of a large amount raised, you must consider that in many parts of the island the wages are but 50c to 75c per week, and 25c to 30c to them is like \$5 to many, and even more. In 1888 we raised but \$145, this year we are glad to say we reached \$255, and we trust that when the next S. D. week comes round we shall go far ahead of the last achievement.

Recognition.

It is not only pleasing to us who are on the spot, but especially helpful to the Army's work, to be recognized by those in authority. The Gov-



ENSIGN MARY JANE SMITH,
Our First Native Staff Officer of Jamaica.



ADJUTANT BAX,
Chief Secretary, Jamaica.

missioner has expressed his desire to visit the corps separately and to see their working order, and therefore the Brigadier is arranging for some tours which will cover nearly all the island. We are truly expecting a Pentecostal time. We earnestly ask the prayers of comrades on the Canadian Field. God bless you all!

Ten Years in Marathasthan.

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF HINDOO WORK.

By BRIGADIER YUDDHA RAI.

UPON the occasion of my farewell from the Marathi Country, I feel that I should like to raise a little note of praise for all the blessings, and joy, and victories that God has showered upon me during the past ten and a half years of happy connection with the Marathi work; certainly they have been the happiest ten years of my life. It is about eleven years ago now since I first heard anything about the Marathi Country. Our beloved T. H. Mother, the Consul, while speaking to me about coming out to India, said, "I want you for the Marathi work; it has been opened once and closed; now

I Want You to Stick

at it till it is a success." I made up my mind that I would do so, little thinking how the work would take hold of my heart, so that in feeling the thought of leaving it, it has seemed more like leaving my own home and my own kith and kin.

I think that very few officers in India have been favored as I have been, and permitted to remain long enough in one part of the country to see converts growing into Cadets, and Cadets gradually rising to be Staff Officers. When I look around now at the District and Staff Officers especially filling their different positions of responsibility, the words of Zechariah instinctively rise to my mind, "Who hath despised the day of small things?" and my memory goes back to several occasions during

The First Four Years

of our work in Bombay, when our few converts were being trained as Cadets, and some comrades made the remark to me, "What is the use of your wasting your life over a handful of young Hindoo lads?" (for these first converts were Hindoos). Out of that handful of young Hindoos, one is now the Commissioner of the Marathi Province, another is a Divisional Officer in charge of seventeen corps, and a third and fourth are District Officers, while others are working faithfully in corps, etc.

After different parts of the Marathi Province had been pioneered successfully by Capt. Satyammal (now in Glory), Major Iltra Singh, Adjt. Burditt (Samant) and Adjt. Manohar, with parties of native Cadets, it was decided

to have a Boom March in the Poona District, which was accordingly started in January, 1893. Major Sukh Singh, Major Abdul Aziz and Major Narsai Gopal were among the leaders of that march. The march was through about the

Darkest Part of the Marathi Country,

and was not very promising. Afterwards some of the people who had appeared to join us in singing, etc., confided to us the fact, that they thought we were a party of travelling performers, and therefore they had sung and clapped with us, but had no idea that we were a religious body! However, we did not know this at the time, and consequently we were not discouraged! The march served to open up the country, hard though it was, and looking back at that time, and comparing it with the present condition of the work, there is indeed ample ground for shouting, "Hallelujah!" in the pious where, at first, our officers could get to entrance into the houses, where

The Women and Children Fled

at the sight of us, where we could get no hired houses at any rent, it seemed impossible to obtain ground to build on, and our hair had to sleep under trees or in the public "chowkies;" we have now twelve comfortable houses of our own, and two more hired ones; and whenever you see the S. A. quarters are continually besieged by the people of the village, coming on numerous little errands, as if the S. A. certainly belonged to them.

Since then work has been opened up in the villages round Satara and Ahmednagar, where, spiritually, the ground is much softer, and consequently richer in soldier-making; but in no part is the change, which has come over the people since the advent of the S. A., more striking than in the first hard and rocky District opened up a little over six years ago.

I feel now, at the end of those ten and a half years in India, that

I Have Just Learnt Enough

to understand how little I know of this country, and of the right way of working in order to gain success. Yet what I have learnt is, I feel, valuable experience, which I trust to have further opportunities of acting on.

I cannot say that prejudices have been removed, for I don't think I ever had any—as from the first I made up my mind to read no books on India, but to take the people as I found them, and learn what I could about them from themselves.

The result of this resolve, carried out, is that at the end of those years, I feel in my whole heart pure and parcel of India itself, the people are

Like My Own People;

and separation from them for a short time seems to my mind like a banishment to a foreign land. England is the accidental land of my birth—but India is the land of my debt-rate choice.

WHICH?

There are two ways of beginning the day—with prayer and without it. You begin the day with one of those two ways. Which? —A.

There are two ways of spending the Sabbath—idly and devotionally. You spend the Sabbath in one of those two ways. Which? —A.

There are two classes of people in the world—the righteous and the wicked. You belong to one of these two classes. Which? —A.

There are two rulers in the universe—God and Satan. You are serving under one of these two great rulers. Which? —A.

There are two roads which lead through time to eternity—the broad and the narrow. You are walking in one of these two roads. Which? —A.

There are two deaths which people allude to—"die in the Lord," others "die in their sins." You will die one in these two deaths. Which? —A.

There are two places to which people go—heaven and hell. You will go to one of these two places. Which? —A.

A Mother's Prevailing Prayer.

A STORY OF NEW YORK.

By T. C. M.

A well-to-do family lived in the North of Ireland, consisting of the godly widow of a godly man, and two or three daughters. There was a comfortable home, the inmates of which had many blessings, for which they were very thankful to God.

But, as usual, there was a sorrow, and that a dark and heavy one. The mother's only son, bright, well-educated, and of that generous kindly disposition known as good-heartedness, which is so fatal to many of its possessors, was in a distant city on a foreign shore, and known to be fast bound by the chains of that arch-fiend Alcohol.

He had already been away from home for several years, and not for one single day had that mother forgotten to pray for him, and yet no news had been received that could give hope of his deliverance from the foe of his body and his soul.

And yet, with what to anyone but a mother seems marvellous perseverance, she prayed still and believed still.

At last, there came a day when that mother added work to her faith and to her prayers. In the form of a letter to a friend of hers connected with the Salvation Army, asking if he would enlist the aid of its representatives in New York. He complied with the request, and the result was that within a few weeks the young man experienced the wonderful change, called conversion, at a Gospel meeting in this city.

And not a day too soon. When a messenger was sent to the address furnished from the other side, he found that the young man was living in a cheap room on a "hard" street, without any home, even in the ordinary sense of the word, out of work, out of health, without any decent clothes, without money, and, it need hardly be added, without friends.

The Christian gentleman who sent the invitation to the exile to meet him at the hall, was the third of God's agents to set in the matter as a result of the widowed mother's request, and no one of these three was personally acquainted either with the mother or the prodigal.

The conversion was genuine enough, but the Christians into whose hands God had committed the practical details of answering the mother's prayers, knew enough of the weakness of human nature, and also the physical condition of one who had passed through such experiences as those of their convert, to take pains to place him where he would be helped by his surroundings and by his everyday associates.

A few days before this employment was actually secured, he wrote as follows of a previous experience in a letter to his mother:

"I cannot begin to tell you of what I have passed through. . . . When I went to work for a few days as mentioned, I was not fit—had just recovered from typhoid—and on Saturday night, completely worn out, I allowed myself to be persuaded to take a drink. Then all was up. Run told more than ever, and took a stronger hold on my system than ever before. Many a night I had to walk the streets hungry and cold."

"Last Wednesday was my birthday, and although I had no bed on Tuesday night nor any supper, I made a stand that day and have not tasted a drop since. You may think I could not if I had no money, but all I can say is when a fellow can't get bread he can get whiskey. Now, I am so free from that if I have to die on the street, I won't take a drink. . . . I cherish the memory of you all. If I could forget you and be forgotten, it would perhaps be better, but I cannot."

Not only was employment found amongst those who would be helped spiritually, to the new convert, but efforts were successfully made to place him where the benefits of similar help would be enjoyed in his home life. And only five months after his passing

from the darkness of sin into the light of God, the lady in whose house he lived was able to write thus to his mother:

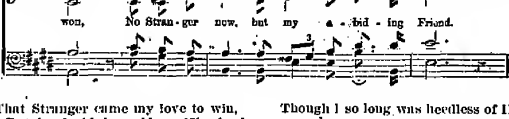
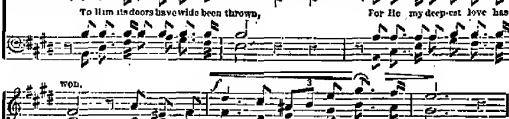
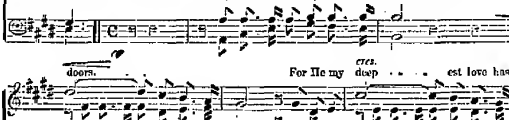
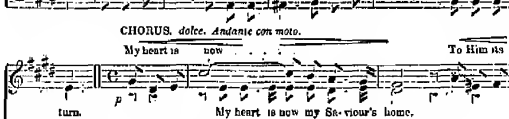
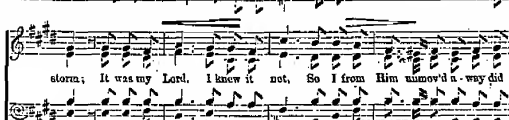
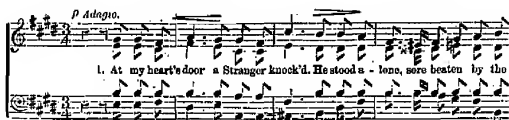
"I can honestly thank God since your boy (I had almost said 'our') came into the home with me; there is nothing the most exacting could take exception to in his work and conversation. I believe he is living an honest, Christian life, and growing in grace and knowledge. The growth may be slow, but I verily believe 'tis sure, and I ought to know a little about him."

About a fortnight after this testimony was written, the lady herself wrote to his mother the last letter she ever received from him. In it he said, referring to the fact that he had given his testimony to God's saving and keeping power, in a meeting, "I knew that my Lord, Who saved me, would be pleased, so I got to my feet and just told how I was saved and kept. It is a great cross to me to testify, but whenever I have done it I have felt rewarded."

About six weeks after writing this letter, he was suddenly taken ill while at his work and promptly taken to the hospital, where it was found that his condition was most critical.

IA GOOD SOLO FOR SUNDAY NIGHT.

The Stranger at the Door.



That Stranger came my love to plead,
But, harken'd, I would not His plead-
ings hear;
For years my heart's door closed had
been,
But joy and peace had long been ab-
sent there.

To plead my Saviour did not cease.

Though I so long was heedless of His
voice;
He knew for me there was no peace,
But grief and danger in my sinful
choice.

That Stranger now as Lord I own,
I love Him with an undivided soul;
The days of gloom and grief are gone,
And all my life is now in His control.

Through the night nurse, word was
conveyed to the gentleman who was
his spiritual father, and who had all
along taken a practical interest in his
well-being. He was promptly on hand
next morning at the hospital, but was
refused access to the patient, as the
doctors were anxious that any kind of
excitement should be avoided. He ex-
perienced a similar disappointment in
the evening. Late that night, how-
ever, the lady with whom the young
man had boarded was granted an in-
terview of about a few minutes' dura-

tion, but the conversation was long
enough to demonstrate the value of
God's saving power in death as well as
in life.

At half-past three next morning he
went to be with his Saviour Whom he
loved, and Who had loved him so
much that He has given His life a
ransom for his soul. Before he de-
parted, he left word with the nurse
that a message should be sent to his
mother and sister that he would meet
them all in heaven.

On the last day of the year a cable
came to New York saying that the
wondering boy had been laid beside
his father in the quiet graveyard of
his native town in the sure and certain
hope of the resurrection of the just.

been feeling miserable for three days,
and on asking her if she felt it was
God's will that she should be healed,
she said, "Yes." I further asked her
what were her convictions? What
were God's requirements? She said
that God required her to place hus-
band and all on the altar and become
a Salvation Army soldier. At first
she was unwilling to do this, but she
finally yielded, and as her head shook,
her voice was gone, her nerves were
unstrung and she could not bear any
noise whatever, she was exhorted to
her claim to full salvation and healing
of the body. The moment her faith
reached out her head stopped and her
voice came back.

In Fact, She was Healed.

Her soul was filled with rapture and
joy and after we had both prayed and
given thanks to God, she commenced
to sing that beautiful verse:—

"Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be."

She could not finish it because of the
power of God coming on her, body and
soul. She felt His healing touch in
go right through her whole being. The
room was filled with the glory of God.
It was good to be there. Her mother
was in the back kitchen washing, and
she went and asked her mother if she
might finish the washing. The next
night she walked half-a-mile to the
Army barracks, and stood all the noise
of the drum, etc., and we used to make
lots of noise in those days. For two
years she retained this rich blessing
and walked in the strength which God
gave, and after she was healed
three children were born to her. But
through some means or other she

Failed to Fully Obey God,

and trust Him, and surely the words
of Jesus came true in her case, "Sin
no more, lest a worse thing come upon
thee." For years her dear mother and
husband would work two, three and
four hours every night to bring back
her health, for as soon as her head
would stop shaking at night, a choking
attack would come over her.

Once she went under an operation,
but it did her no good, and the late
Dr. Fleming, who was an excellent
and loved, said her only help was in
God; human skill could not help her.
She had felt for some time that she
should dedicate her little girl to God
in the Army, and on Dedication Sun-
day, last February, her father brought
her and the little girl down to the
barracks. We had a very impressive
service. A little Junior sang, "When
mothers of Salem their children
brought to Jesus," which touched
many hearts and tears flowed freely.
We dedicated the little one to God
and the Army, and although very
weak, Sister Ferris spoke a few words.

Some nine days after her little girl
asked her grandfather to tell Ensign
Smith to come up for tea, and I went.
Sister F. and I had a good, profitable
talk, our conversation drifting to the
healing of her body. I felt some as-
surance that God was going to heal
her, although the day previous had
been one of her worst.

After ten I read a few verses from
the Bible and prayed, especially that
God would heal her, and while on our
knees she felt strengthened. Her hus-
band and I left the house right away.
While she was moving the boat fish
from the table she said, "Why can't
God heal me now?" It was then that
a voice came to her clearly saying,
"Yes, He can." The tempter came to
tell her He could not, but she turned
round and said,

Get Thee Behind Me, Satan.

I believe God to heal me NOW." His
healing hand this time was laid on her
head, and she was made whole. She
has needed no more treatment. Her
mother came over as usual to doctor
her. The little girl met her and said,
"Grandma, Jesus has stopped mam-
ma's head." It was certainly true.
She is able to do her own work, and
walk down to the barracks for meet-
ing, and not feel tired, and she can
truly testify to the Divine touch of
God's healing hand, and although the
devil does tempt her, yet she is proving
His grace sufficient.

When I went to visit her a few days
after she was healed, the little girl
said, "Mamma gave me to Jesus, and
Jesus has healed Mamma, and when
her husband is not saved, she is be-
lieving for his salvation.
To God be praise and glory.

pleasing to Thee, O God, forgive
my many sins, for Jesus' sake." He
went bravely to the scaffold, and we
were sure as far as he knew he was
ready. He had been brought up very
early—was part Indian and part Span-
iard.

"It was hard to visit him, but I am
sure God helped us to brighten his
last hours, and to help him better
understand the plan of salvation.
There was a gentleman, a saved
slave-keeper, Mr. Griggs, now an Evan-
gelist, who came in during the after-
noon we were in Brown's cell. Then
about midnight Dr. Johnston, who had
visited him regularly, came and stayed
until the last with Mr. Griggs."

From Halifax comes the news of
a story on several lines. Adji, Jordan,
who has charge of the League of Mer-
chants in addition to the Home, says "We
had a young man profess conversion
the last week, also a young
man from Albemarle St.
who was in the meeting Sunday evening.
Slave-keeper of a house, who seemed very
sincere, and said she would love to
have a better life, and asked me to
go to her. I refused to go to-day. In
the evening, I was delighted with our work
and, but, of course, wish to see suc-
cess in the way of definite results.
The League comrades were in
the meeting, and the meeting last
night. Praise God!"

Our Working Woman's Home, in
Montreal, has already met a need in
this city, and its open doors have
been a real haven to many. From
several letters that have been sent to
personally telling of its usefulness,
all from one: "I am very thankful
the kindness the Captain showed
through our sorrow and my wife's
sorrow. She comforted us like a mo-
ther would her children. It is the first
time I have been in a home, here,
Montreal, and I am sure it will be
a blessing to many a poor one in dis-
tress. Now, I think you once more
the kindness that has been
shown us, and I hope God will help
us keep such a good institution open."
Capt. Crocker reports: "People
delighted with the Home. Citizens
becoming more interested. God
blessed by and wonderfully helped
this week. Praise His dear Name,
read and sing and pray almost
every evening, and they sometimes ask
to pray in the morning. They ex-
ercise the privileges."

St. John, N. B., our Women's
Home is moving along satisfactorily.
I like it. We have just leased a
hall on Steinfeld St., especially
meetings among the residents of
that part of the city. We hope by this
time to be gathering in many of the poor
fortunate ones.

The hospital is not only proving a
blessing to those in need of medical at-
tention, but through the opportunity
afforded by the physical ministry, many
sick souls have been healed. Capt.
Crocker writes us of several who have
been converted in the hospital.

Moses, Gentleman.

There is often something humorous
in a child's definition. Every Amer-
ican will agree with a little lad in a
nursery school, in England, who, in
imitation on Scripture subjects,
in original answer to the ques-
tion, "What can you tell about
Moses?" replied the little fellow, "A
man!" repeated the questioner,
do you mean by that?" "Please,"
said the child, "Moses was a man who
went to draw water, the sheep-
man and drove them away, and
helped the daughters of Jethro,
and to the shepherds, 'Ladies first,
gentlemen.'" (Ex.)

There is nothing against mother and
child authority, nor repeat what
mother unless it be a greater
mother to conceal it.—Proust.

xxxxx
The Salvation Army Socie-
ties in England, as carried
in country last year, was 1750.
But of this sum no less than
1000 was paid by the people help-
ing in money contributions or in
of labor.

Make it Personal.

By S....

PERHAPS no one person ever vol-
ed his own weakness and error
more distinctly, without meaning
to do so, or had stupid advice more
indiscriminately taken than the minis-
ter who said, once on a time, that he
advised all young preachers to do
what he had accustomed himself to do
—look on congregations as made up of
so many cabbage-heads. We ourselves
doubt whether the cabbage-head plan
is even a cure for nervousness.
Admitting it to be such, there are far
better remedies. It certainly is re-
sponsible for the failure of plans and
schemes for the bettering of hu-
manity and the Christianizing of the
world which have cost prayers, and
tears, and effort, and money enough
to have evangelized a continent.

People are constantly asking us to
explain to them why their work does
not tell; why their Sunday-School
classes are not converted; why their
prayers for "the advancement of
Christ's Kingdom in this neighborhood
and community" are not answered;
why their sister does not get saved.
And yet one out of every ten look
hurt and surprised as they answer
"No" to our counter-questions:—

"Did you ever tell your own experi-
ence to your Sunday-School scholars?
Do you tell all your neighbors how you
feel about their low spiritual state?
Does your sister know how you grieve
over her?"

Cabbage-Head Theory.

For the cabbage-head theory holds
away in Christendom, and it is so much
easier to talk about people and at peo-
ple than to talk to people, and we are
so slow to realize that the secret of all
God-inspired and successful human ef-
fort for human souls is—make it per-
sonal!

Deal with people not as cabbage-
heads, but as immortal individuals!

One of the clearest evidences of
spiritual declension in a generation, in
a church, or an individual is a disin-
clination to give point and personality
to discourse on spiritual things. The
revival of spirituality—the holiness a-
wakening of the last quarter of a cen-
tury—has been distinctly characterized
by the unsparing of Christian life to
give personal testimony to the power
of a personal Christ. Anybody, now-
adays, is willing to talk about Deity
in the abstract, or religious as theories.
It is the fashion of the day. One dis-
cusses the power and ends of the con-
fessional between deities, and dis-
poses of the doctrine of the Trinity
over an tea. But, all the same, you
can gauge a man's sincerity still by
the readiness or unready to talk
about Jesus and his own knowledge of
or longing after Him.

Exceptions to this general rule are
found most frequently among what
has been termed "cultured Christen-
dom." The greater amount of culture
people possess, the larger their vocabu-
lary, the keener their grasp of the laws
of mind, the more delicately exact
their powers of expression, the better
fitted they are to help their fellow-
Christians by sharing with them their
own various experiences, and by draw-
ing out and helping to clear up other
people's difficulties, and perplexities,
and puzzles. Yet our most cultured
Christians are not generally the most
helpful in this respect. What a pity—
that prophesying should not often be
both with the spirit and with the in-
derstanding!

Organization Not Sufficient.

Organization in religious effort is
strength and power when it merely
forms a basis for individual leverage.
It is the own destruction the moment
it tends to make rather than increase
in its members the sense of individual
responsibility for individual souls.

Possibly you and I, fellow-soldiers,
do more of this general, indolent
shifting of responsibility on the masses
of our country than we quite realize.
Do you never make it an excuse for
not dropping into the saloon at your
corner, as you once used, with a
War Cry and a warm-hearted invita-
tion to the meeting, that your brigades
are really sweeping the town; they'll
all hear you go by directly with the
band? But "going along by in the
procession" is not the same thing, and
the gain to your own soul is not the
same.

When you see something "not quite
right" in husband, in sister, in servant,
instead of going straight to the point
with them about it—instead of ques-
tioning and pleading and praying—are
you not apt to comfort yourself with
the reflection that to-morrow night is
holiness meeting night, and it will
probably get put straight then? When
did God let you off duty as a watch-
man? (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.) Suppose it
does get put right, your soul is not
delivered. It is the man who sees his
brother sin who is to ask pardon for
him, and to that man alone God gives
the promise of his brother's life.

Difficulty and effectiveness, we be-
lieve, vary alike in inverse ratio to
one's distance, actual and metaphorical,
from the human beings one would
help! Take what we in the Army
term "platform work." By the "fool-
ishness of preaching" men are saved,
certainly, and a platform has many
advantages. But the Scriptural preach-
ing was not done from the compar-
atively safe altitude of a high platform.
Perhaps that is the reason why we
could count on our fingers, out of the
hundreds on hundreds who have told
us minutely the stories of their con-
versions, the men and women who
have mentioned anything said in a
public address or testimony as giving
them the shove which finally sent them
over the bar into the land of the living.

Open-air talks have more witnesses
in their favor. This is closer work,
you see! One has no cologne of raiment.
No Sergeant can force your congrega-
tion to listen till the Captain starts
clearing. Open-air work is therefore
more likely to be livelier and more fore-
table—in other words, more personal.

Be Personal in Prayer Meeting.

Next comes the "personal dealing"
of an after-meeting. Oh, how many
soldiers and officers in the night to-day
look back to the face that leaned from
the seat behind or the back of the form
in front, or over from the crowd dis-
tance, with eyes that showed a personal
love and longing for their souls, and
bless the light when they saw reflect-
ed therein "the light of the knowledge
of the glory of God," as its owner had
seen it freshly "in the face of Jesus
Christ"! Freshly! for if the Spirit
which reveals Christ within us has
withdrawn Himself ever so little from
our own hearts, we shall know it when
we come into direct collision with the
powers of darkness in another soul.
Personal work is our best safeguard
and our least dangerous mode of self-
examination.

Most delicate, most difficult, most
needed of all, perhaps, is personal
carefulness each for each other's soul
among "such as be of the household
of faith." "Provoke one another to
love and good works"—"exhort one an-
other"—the New Testament is full of
commands for us to watch for each
other's souls. This, certainly, we can
only dare to do if we are ourselves in
very close personal communion with
our Lord; if we first have taken ex-
hortation and reproof to ourselves with
the true "little child" spirit.

"Does that mean me?" the child at
your elbow asks, while you are coolly
discussing abstract principles and gen-
eral laws of conduct. No one can be
offended, therefore, when the child goes
on to enquire, "Do you always do that,
mum?" Strong personal influence im-
plies a strong sense of personal re-
sponsibility.

You mean to lend this very paper to
someone whom you wish to interest
in the Army work. Do you take its
stories home to yourself? When you
read of the self-sacrifice of your Indian
comrades, do you study your own
ways to see whether you're as willing
as they to "come down" to the people
you wish to reach?

Are you sure you "read your name
into" your Bible? In the promises,
perhaps! What about the commands?
Did Jesus exclude you from the order,
"Go ye into all the world"? Are you
certain that that did not mean you
ought to have been among those who
have given their lives for the heathen?
Lives cannot be laid down by proxy.
Individual aspiration will not take the
place of a veritable cross, when the
time comes to exchange for a crown.
You want a personal heaven; you need
a personal Saviour. You must give
your life to win them for your own-
more, your very self to win them for
others through weary, weary service
which alone can be successful when
made intensely

Personal

To Set You Thinking.

Don't play with sin, it kills!

xxxxx

"The horseshoe that clatters wants a
nail."

xxxxx

Everyone has a fair turn to be as
good as he pleases.

xxxxx

A false, untrue, impure companion is
to be shunned as you would a mad
dog.

xxxxx

He that follows his pleasures instead
of his business will soon have no busi-
ness to follow.

xxxxx

Steady and undivided attention to
one object is a sure mark of a super-
ior genius; as hurry, bustle, and agita-
tion are the never-failing symptoms
of a weak and frivolous mind.

xxxxx

It is possible for a bad man to climb
high, but as sure as sunset follows
sunrise, so surely will he fall. You
cannot build on sand, and at the same
time expect your building to stand.

xxxxx

Choose ever to do what is the most
just and the most direct. This course
will save a thousand blushes and a
thousand struggles, and will de-
liver you from secret torments, which
are never-failing attendants of disin-
culation.

—"Assurance."

Ceylon Rescue Work.

The opportunities for Rescue Work
in Ceylon are unlimited. The Rescue
Home is beautiful for situation, being
in a picturesque and quiet part of
Koralla. It is a spacious house with
large compound and garden, where the
girls are quite busy and happy, singing
stanzas of Army choruses, while they
are engaged in some useful employ-
ment, like mending, sewing, gardening,
etc., etc.

During the nine years the Rescue
Home has been in existence, a large
and satisfactory percentage of the
cases received have turned out well.
Some have been restored to friends
and relatives, others have been given
in marriage, while a large number are
in situations and giving satisfaction,
to say nothing of others who have
passed away triumphantly. The best
evidence we have of the satisfaction
that the girls give in their respective
situations is the large number of ap-
plications for servants, the applicants
having heard of the satisfactory char-
acter of the servants supplied by the
Home, from neighbors and friends.
We are unable to meet the large de-
mand made upon us.

A Good Case.

The other day, one of the first in-
mates, who was rescued by the offi-
cers, called at the Home, having just
returned from her second trip to Eng-
land and spent a fortnight in the in-
stitution which was the means of her
deliverance—soul and body—and set-
tling her up in life. Not only does she
possess splendid certificates of char-
acter from her employers, some of the
leading citizens in Ceylon, but has
many tokens in the shape of presents
for her good services and a handsome
banking account. During this fort-
night it was most touching to see her
gratitude and the practical way she
went about to express the same to the
different parties who had had a hand
in her redemption, and finished up
by handing a good sum to the Secre-
tary as her thanksgiving gift to the
Rescue Work. How beautiful and in-
conceivable! She left again for another
situation with a leading family.

The Jury Studies Pauperism.

The Grand Jury of Crawford Coun-
ty, Pa., has just presented a report in
which it gives an account of its exami-
nation of the poor farm of this county
and the paupers there supported at
public expense. It says:

"It may be of interest to state that
from a careful estimation made by the
superintendent at least 70 per cent. of
these unfortunate people become wards
of the county directly or indirectly
through the effects of intoxicating li-
quors."—The New Voice.

Sunbury's Anniversary.

SIXTEEN YEARS' WARFARE.

The Sunbury corps of the Salvation
Army celebrated their Sixteenth An-
niversary on May 14th and 15th, in
proper style.

The Gannaque String Band, under
the able leadership of Bro. Burleigh,
kindly consented to help us, and pro-
vided splendid music for the occasion.
Sunday was a glorious day. Large
crowds, finances away up. In the
afternoon we had a very blessed meet-
ing. The Sergt.-Major and Treasurer
and other comrades told how God
saved them through the instrumentality
of the S. A. The Sergt.-Major said
that when he was converted, the hall
was so full he could not get in through
the door, so he climbed through the
window, with the help of the Treas-
urer, who was unsaved at the time,
and made his way to the pentecost
room and got sanctified. The band
played some fine selections.

Sunday night the building was packed.
We had a very good meeting.
On Monday night we had a big
jubilee, led by our genial, warm-heart-
ed, smiling-faced D. O. Adj. Barnes,
who kept the people in good humor
with his Irish wit. The Adjutant, by
the way, is an Englishman. Quite a
number of notables were present, Capt.
Crego and Lieut. Norman and Bro.
Hicks, from Gannaque, and Capt. Mc-
Naney and Bro. and Sister Downey,
from Kingston. Solos, duets, trios,
musical selections were well rendered
and were well appreciated.

A vote of thanks was tendered to
the Gannaque comrades, who came to
help us with no little inconvenience to
themselves.

Capt. Owens spoke on behalf of
Kingston comrades, whose singing and
playing helped to make the meeting a
success.

We had a large crowd and we wound
up feeling satisfied that these meetings
were the best and most profitable An-
niversary meetings ever held in
Sunbury—Westminster.

Married Under the Colors in Sheridan, Wyoming.

Wedding bells have been ringing at
Sheridan, and the oldest and youngest
soldiers of the corps became one.
On May 31st, at 8 o'clock p.m., in
the S. A. barracks, beautifully decora-
ted, and under an evergreen arch,
hung with the dear old colors of the
Army, Yellow, Red, and Blue, Bro.
Ernest Bryson and Sister Sophia Ray
were united by the bonds of holy mat-
rimony, the Rev. Mr. A. H. Dent officiat-
ing, assisted by Rev. Mr. Rozelle,
a travelling evangelist.

After the ceremony, Capt. Miller,
ever thoughtful of the soldier, took
advantage of the large crowd, and
called on Rev. Mr. Dent, who made a
very earnest plea for the Christian
home.

Rev. Mr. Rozelle then being called
on, stated that Saturday was his night
of rest, and therefore he would not
preach a sermon, but if every soldier
and S. A. officer would fire such vol-
leys of Gospel shot into the devil's
ranks as he did for about thirty min-
utes, I believe God would exorcise them
from ever preaching a sermon. He
hit the devil, and he hit him hard.
Hallelujah!

We have been having most blessed
times since the last report. Some
crosses, of course; among others the
severe illness of our officers. The
Lieutenant is able to be at the meet-
ings, but the Captain is very sick.

Four souls have been saved lately.
Capt. Miller and Lieut. Grayson said
when they came here that they meant
to secure the devil, but they have done
much more, they have wounded him,
and quite severely. Hallelujah!

Soldiers are fighting, sinners are
coming, and the devil is running.
Queer people, these Sheridan soldiers;
they mean to have a grudge against
the devil.

Some time during the coming week
five soldiers and recruits intend leav-
ing this city for Billings. We shall
miss them.—W. A. McMaster.

Oh, so to live that those who see may
say
Surely, this one to honor points the
way.
—Billy Brooks.

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THE WAR CRY.

7

Weekly Watchword: Comfort.

"His religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
"His religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

Daily Tonic.

SUNDAY.

The God of all Comfort.—II. Cor. 1. 3.

There is only one source of true comfort. All satisfaction, relief and consolation are found alone in God. Let us think of Him in this tender, all-merciful character. There is no grief too bitter for His grace to soothe, no pain too keen for His power to alleviate, no test of circumstances too trying for His love to brighten.

MONDAY.

Christ, the World's Comforter.—Is. 41. 2.

But though the Creator has ever been able and willing to comfort the tribulations of the creature, there could be no comfort while sin's debt remained unpaid, and its fetters unbroken. Christ came to free the world, and thus put it in a position to receive the comfort of God. Those who, by conversion are made partakers in the glorious effects of the work Christ came to do, may claim the best comfort held in Heaven's store of consolation.

TUESDAY.

The Comfort of the Holy Ghost.—John 14. 16, 18.

Christ lived and died for the world, and then left it for the right hand of God, but He did not leave His children desolate. Wherever there is a child of God unreasonably distressed and complaining, you may be sure that they have not received the indwelling of the Holy Ghost as it is their privilege that they should. The comfort of the Holy Ghost makes the heart bright and the spirit cheerful under every varying circumstance of life and warfare.

WEDNESDAY.

The Comfort of the Scriptures.—It. 2. 2.

Do we realize this as we should? Years since, when the very possession of a Bible earned rack and flame, men and women felt that they dare

brave anything to get the comfort and strength with which its pages were stored. Now, when it is so easy to obtain and read God's word, do we prize our privilege as we ought, or use it as we might?

THURSDAY.

Comfort in the Valley.—Ps. xviii. 4.

Dying comfort is desired by all, nor will it be denied to those who have lived within God's will and love. The "rod and staff" which has been their stay in life will but prove more strong when all earth's props decline and fall. The darkness of the valley will be robbed of its terrors as the soul descends into the gloom with the light and consolation of the presence of Jesus by their side.

FRIDAY.

Queer Comfort.—Job 11. 11.

Job was in sore need of comfort. His three friends came to offer the best they had, but it was a poor sort they had to give. Perhaps the best that they did for him was when they sat those seven days and seven nights upon the ground in silent sympathy.

SATURDAY.

We, in Turn, Comforters.—II. Cor. 1. 4. One of the most beautiful features of Christianity, is its double influence of blessing. We get our hearts comforted and our spirits set in tune by the quickening influences of conquering Grace, and then we go out to be the comforters of others.

We notice that it began in God's house. Christ ever upheld the seasons of public worship, but He insisted that they should not be merely the dead letter and form, to which the Jewish religious ceremonies had too widely degenerated. But the whole-hearted and sincere expression of prayer and praise which alone can ever reach the ear of God.

Into the midst of the quiet hour, when the words of the Great Teacher were astonishing and convincing the Serbie-taught people, there came a sudden interruption—the cry of a madman. This man was probably afflicted with a kind of temporary insanity, and his weak clouded mind presented a ready agent for the devil in his wish to disturb that profitable time.

But the devil had a strange and more Power to cope with than his own cunning, and if such were his design, it was a miserable failure. The poor man was the first occasion for the manifestation of the miraculous ability of the Saviour in that city. Before night the fame of the wonderful cure had spread from gate to gate. When the dusk of the Eastern day had fallen, pathetic little processions formed from all parts of the city, leading their maimed, halt and blind, carrying their bed-ridden and devil-possessed to the house where Jesus was. Who received and gave them the security that they besought of Him.

Perhaps the ending of the day was the most beautiful of all. It shows us Christ in the early dawn, no doubt physically much fatigued by the labors of the past twelve hours, seeking some solitary place in which to refresh His Spirit with communion with His Father. God help us to follow our Example in His moments of lonely waiting upon Heaven, as well as in His busy self-sacrifice to bless the people.

"He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done, To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-befolding sun.

That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves must base, Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race."

OUR WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON

A Sabbath at Capernaum.

Mark 1. 21-35.

Jesus had been thrust out of Nazareth. In this city He had lived thirty blameless and beautiful years. Although it seemed to have been within the Providence of the Divine Plan that the early life of the world's Redeemer should be surrounded with the strictest seclusion from the public eye, yet

the influence of that stainless manhood must have gone forth, and in Nazareth at least, Christ be known as the embodiment of all those graces which go to make up the ideal man. Yet it was in this same city that Christ received His first public insult, and His life was imperilled by the fury of His persecutors. Poor, blind Nazareth! Did they think, as they invited the One against Whom they could find no fault, save that they knew the homeliness of His parentage, out to the edge of the precipice, from whose giddy danger a miracle wrested Him from their hands, that they were thrusting forth their last and only hope?

It is a fearful thing to send God away from any city. There have been other instances, in a later day, of com-

munities which have put Him out of their politics, scorned His Name in social life, and trampled upon His remembrance in the education of their children. And the result—Disorder, disunion, revolution, and noise. Shut Christ out of the life of a people, and you shut off all that is most indelible in their history. To-day Nazareth is only remembered by the fact that the Son of God once sojourned there.

But though one city turned its back upon the One Who would have been its highest benefactor, another opened her gates. Well for Capernaum that she did—for the coming of that new Ghost meant life to the dying, strength to the sick and deliverance to many within her walls who were bound by disadvantages infinitely more dreadful than those of physical disease.

It is ever thus. When Christ comes into a life, a family, or a town, salvation, satisfaction, peace, and, as a rule, a measure of temporal prosperity attend His entrance. Let Christ come into your heart and life, and you will open the door to all blessing and every good.

This is the first recorded Sabbath of the public ministry of our Lord. It is an ideal day, spent in the interests of others.



BY THE SEA OF GALILEE.

A Trophy of Grand Forks.

DOCTOR CHURCH TELLS OF HIS CAREER.

I was saved when quite young, at about twenty. Up to that time I had never touched intoxicating drink, nor smoked, or gone into any other so-called open sin. My people were Methodists—my father was a class leader for over forty years. I kept saved for about three years, then disobeyed God and became altogether discouraged.



Dr. Church, of Grand Forks, N. D.

Soon after, I came to this country and drifted entirely away from God, for at that time there were in Dakota no churches, or any other good influences. I made lots of money, could reckon upon forty dollars a day at my trade, being a Veterinary Surgeon. I went in for selling strong drink and made twenty-one hundred dollars. In the eleven months during which I did so, I used to spend at least one dollar in drink per day in my home and another dollar for cigars, besides what I spent for drinks in saloons. I kept the money in gold in a bag made of the skin of a deer, which I had shot myself and whose hide I tanned. After that I went to my home with the money I had made, and in six weeks I had spent it all.

The money having been disposed of, I returned to the West and went into sin more than ever; I fairly plunged into all sorts of debauchery to have "a good time," or to drown misery. I so hated life that on two occasions I



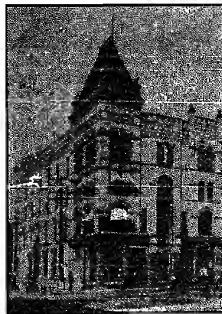
Third Street, Grand Forks, N.D.

nearly committed suicide. Once I challenged a man to fight me a duel, getting him first well-filled with whiskey in hopes that he would end my life, as I did not want to take my own life, which, to me, appeared so cowardly.

Going to War.

I enlisted as a soldier in the Civil War in the one hope that I might be shot and so end the misery of this life. I rushed on with time until after the Salvation Army had opened fire in our town. They came about Christmas, and I think it was in April that I was passing the ball. The Captain was just begging for a bed, and said they had been sleeping on the floor, or some other hard substance. I told my wife to go to the door and tell them we would give them a bed. Next day the Captain came after it, and told me God loved me. That made me mad and I told him He didn't; still he said God loved me just the same, and invited me to meeting. I went. He preached on the love of God. It touched me; I never could quit thinking about it. At last, after going a number of times, during which time the officers changed, I made up my mind I would get saved or stop going. The devil said God would not save the

cers wanted me to march and sit on the platform, I was determined to get out of it; I felt that I could have faced a battle a lot easier. The Captain would not take "No" for an answer, but made me march and sit on the platform. It was the best thing that ever happened to me. Let me give this advice to every Captain, to every T. O. or other officer, to insist on non-voters doing this the first night: it strengthened and, in fact, made me. Ever since, my life has been mostly made up in paying debts, asking people's pardon and trying to make wrongs right. I haven't quite finished yet, but I'm trying, by God's help, to make wrongs right every day, and if there is one thing I especially thank God for, it is the way He is helping me in to do that, where in many cases I could not see how I could ever make them right. Everything seems to come my way, and I'm aiming to turn them to best account. I am a Salvationist through and through, and have been saved eight years now. I never want to be anything else. I love the Lord. I love the work, and only want to live to help souls to God and make every wrong right if possible. I got such a lot of help from Commandant Herbert Booth, when he was out here. God bless him! Also from the present Commissioner, Miss Eva Booth; she is a wonderful woman. Lastly, I got a proper good scolding from the General, which, I guess, did me good, too, and no hurt. God bless them all, and the Army and our Grand Forks corps. —Jerry Church.



The Herold Building, Grand Forks, N.D.

likes of me, but I made up my mind even if Christ did not save me, I was going to Him anyway and would give myself to Him. That evening I was called away and did not get to the hall until late. The hall was packed and the door closed against any more that should try to get in. I was let in through the back door, made my way straight to the penitent form and prayed, but did not claim the promise until I reached home, when the Lord saved me. Next night, when the off-

Pearls in Golden Setting.

The strength of affection is a proof, not of the worthiness of the object, but of the largeness of the soul which loves. The night of a river depends not on the quality of the soil through which it passes, but on the fastness and depth of the spring from which it proceeds.—F. W. Robertson.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this: that when an injury begun on our part the kindness should begin on ours.—Thibouton.

Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing broader, nothing better either in heaven or earth, because heaven is born of God, and rising above all created things, can find its rest in Him alone.—Thomas A. Kempis.

What is the measure of the love we owe to others? It is the measure of what we think is owing to ourselves.—Dean Stanley.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE MAYOR OF GRAND FORKS, N.D.

I highly appreciate the work done by the soldiers army in our city, and feel if it had done no more than being the means of saving the life of one man of whom I know and think a great deal of, it has done a great work.

Mayor Linn
Mayor

Bro. Williams, Grand Forks, N. D.

Newfoundland Officers

Send Greeting to the Field Commissioner

The Territorial Secretary's Tour a Magnificent Success.

(By wire.)

St. Johns, June 6th, 1899.

The Territorial Secretary's tour has been completed amidst a powerful baptism of Pentecostal power. Marvellous meetings at Bay Roberts, Carleton Place and Harbor Grace. Souls at every meeting. Officers' councils and public gatherings at St. Johns were magnificent. Huge crowds attended and a blessed enthusiasm prevailed. Eighty souls knelt at the Cross during the campaign.

Staff and Field Officers and golders deeply appreciate their Commissioner's loving and inspiring message, and send united, loyal and fervently affectionate greetings, as well as their pledge to do their share of the Century Scheme. The war generally shall be pushed to the utmost degree. A heavy snow-storm is raging.—Brigadier Sharp.

Let grace and goodness be the principal foundation of thy affections. For love which hath ends will have an end.—Dryden.

What has love not power to do? By her power weak women have been made strong—stronger than fate, stronger than torture, stronger than death. It voices a wisdom wiser than philanthropy ever uttered or says ever learned.—W. H. Murray.

The sun of all that has been said on love is this: Whichever I speak, whatever I know, whatever I believe, whatever I do, whatever I suffer, if I have not the faith that works by love—love to God and to all mankind—I am not in the narrow way.—Wesley.

From Millbrook to the Mansion Above.



Kittle McMahon, late of Millbrook.

Death called for our sister, Kittle McMahon, on May 20th, and relieving her from pain and sorrows, led her to the land of eternal light and peace. Although our hearts are sad, our hopes are bright to meet her again on the golden shore. "Jesus help me this day," were her last words, uttered as a prayer. May God keep us faithful, like her, unto death.—Capt. M. Lott.

A light of duty shines on every day for all.—Wordsworth.

He who seeks to pluck the stars Will lose the jewels at his feet.—Phoebe Cary.

They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts.—Chaucer.



State, doing pioneer work for the

special winter number of the Cry is on the boards. Will appear about the 1st of July.



IE FIELD COMMISSIONER, s Evangeline Booth,

will visit
T. JOHN, N.B.,
and conduct the following meetings:

DAY, JUNE 19th.—Soldiers' Meet.
DAY, JUNE 20th.—Installation Major and Mrs. Pickering, the Provincial Officers, at the Medical Institute.

JT.-COL. MARGETTS' TOUR.

SOR. N. S., Saturday and Sun.
June 17th and 18th.
HN. N. R., Monday and Tues.
June 19th and 20th.

abouts of Financial Specials.

ADJT. WISEMAN.
d, Thursday, June 15.
Monday, June 19.
ENSIGN CUMMINS.
ver, Thurs. Fri. June 15, 16.
Batoum, Saturday, June 17, to
Tuesday, June 21.

ENSIGN PUGH.
d, Thursday, June 15, to Wed.
ay, June 21.

ENSIGN BURROWS.
urrent, Thurs. Fri. June 15.
und, Sat. Sun., Mon., June 17.
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arbor, Tues. Wed., June 20.

ENSIGN COLLIER.
d, Thursday, June 15.
ri, Friday, June 16.
Sat. Sun., June 17, 18.
re, Mon., Tues., June 19, 20.
Wednesday, June 21.

ENSIGN PARKER.
Thurs., Fri. June 15, 16.
rg, Sat., Sun., June 17, 18.
Mon., Tues. Wed., June 19.

ENSIGN PERRY.
go, Thursday, June 15.
Friday, June 16.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.
dney, Thursday, June 15.
lizes, Friday, June 16.
sgow, Sat., Sun., June 17, 18.
Monday, June 19.
Tuesday, June 20.
Wednesday, June 21.



A ROSSLAND PROSPECTOR HAS STRUCK IT RICH.

Brother McKinnon in Luck—He Throws the Claim Open to All

I am a prospector. I have made many locations since I came to the Rossland district, and I have been disappointed in them all, except one, and that is the claim I want to tell you about now. A little over a year and a half ago, I struck good indications on the corner of Columbia Ave. and Spokane St. at an open-air. I followed the lead up to the Army Hall, where, on my knees at the penitent form, I located a claim in heaven. I know that my life to the claim is all right, for the recording angel recorded it in the Lamb's Book of Life, free of charge. I want to describe this claim. The foot wall is faulted, the hanging wall is the boundless love of God. It is all a gay streak from wall to wall. It assays high in joy, peace, and hap-



Bro. McKinnon, Rossland.

pleness. This claim of mine stands development work. The more I do on it the better results I obtain. I have no intention whatever of letting this claim go by default. I am doing my assessment work every day of my life. I know it will pay a big dividend by-and-by, when I shall cross the last great divide and receive my crown grant from the hands of my Saviour. I am glad to be able to tell you that there is room on this ledge for all; you can all come and take a claim right now. The notice on your initial No. 1 post must read, "Repentance and sorrow for sin." Your discovery post is at the foot of the Cross; on it are inscribed in bright and shining letters those beautiful words, "Forgiveness and pardon, full and free." Your No. 2 post will be the countless ages of eternity, and it will read, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—J. D. McKinnon.

A Tremendous Sensation.

MISSED IT.—We had a grand and glorious time on last Monday night at our International Meeting. The following were represented: Americans, English, Irish, Swedes, Canadians, Germans, Finns, Hollands, Chinese, Negroes, and North American Indians, all dressed in the costumes of their several countries. It was a grand sight as we marched through the streets. Immense crowds of people were gazing upon the different nationalities. There were more people on Higgins Avenue than has been seen since last 4th of July. It is the general talk of the town, and there were many remarks made as to what the 8th A. is doing all over the world. We believe it will be many a day before the open-air will be forgotten. And we are praying that great good may be done. Collection \$7. Since last report one bucklesider into the fold. Glory to His Name!—J. H. Frost, R. C.

A Good Shepherd:

OR,

What a Salvation Army Captain Should Be.

CHAPTER VI.

I must now pass on to the end of July, when the lambs for the shows are picked out. I may call our farm an "Army" farm, because we send sheep all over England to the agricultural shows, in order that the great noblemen may see the quality of sheep that we keep; and there are two men chosen for the express purpose of taking charge of those sheep, and one of these is called the head shepherd. I am a head shepherd, and at the end of July the master comes and examines all my sheep and lambs to see how many I have that are fit, or that are good enough to be shut up and fed for the shows, as, at the first draft, he wants about 25. They must be good—the very best of the flock—and they must be shepherded well before this time, for very often the best lambs of the flock get stricken with maggots, and if so, they are spoiled, because their coats are broken. Now if this were the case with my sheep, the master would scold and say, "I examined these sheep a short time ago, and found there were as many as I wanted of the best lambs, but since I saw them you have neglected your duty, and allowed these lambs to get eaten with maggots, and for neglecting to do your duty I shall discharge you." This may be the case at the first draft, but if the first lot does very well, in a fortnight he comes out again for a score more of another class. This is the second draft, but this is not all, for in a month he comes out again for a score more of another class, and then in another month another big draft is wanted.

Now, we might call every Army station a farm, and you the head farmer, and as you go from station to station to examine your sheep, or, in other words, your soldiers, you might see at one station twenty brothers fit for the Training Home, and at another station twenty sisters fit for the Training Home, and at another, fifteen married soldiers fit for the Training Home. And after you had chosen as many as that wanted, you would go and prepare for their reception, and when you had made everything ready for them, you would send for them. But when you got them, you would not expect to find that they were nearly all good back into the world, or, in other words, had got maggot-eaten, and spoiled for the work they were intended for. You would feed, if this were so, that the Captains had neglected their duty in shepherding their sheep.

There is a very great responsibility resting upon the shepherd of a large flock of sheep, and there is a very great responsibility resting upon the Captain of a large station, or upon the minister of a large church, for you know as well as I do that the devil is determined to ding as many precious souls down to hell as ever he can, and God's children must be as determined to drag as many out of his grasp as ever they can, and in order to do so they must be at it early and late.

I have told you the result of my labor. My master expects that there shall be seventy-five sheep and lambs fit for the shows every year, and those that are not fit for this must be fit for the butcher, after the stock is picked out, so that, if possible, not one must be lost. In order to keep my sheep up to this standard, my rule is, to be, in the first place, very careful in counting each of my lots, or upon an average, there are about eight or nine to be seen to every morning, all through the year. As soon as I get into the field where the sheep are, I stand and look as far as I can all round the field to see if I can see any thing in the hedge, or else overcast, that is, that very often a sheep will get rolling, and sometimes it will get on its back in a low place, and then it cannot get on its feet again, unless someone goes to it and turns it up; and if it is not seen to soon, it dies, and if one dies in this way it is put down against the shepherd. Then, after counting my eye round the field, I go to the sheep and

very carefully count them, to see if there are any missing, and if I find one, or more, missing, I go and seek for them at once, as by the next morning they might be dead.

Dear Sir, there is a beautiful passage of Scripture which saith, a shepherd "having an hundred sheep, if he lose one, doth he not leave the ninety and nine and go after that which is lost until he find it?" Now that is just what I have done during the last fifteen years and eight months with my natural sheep, but the dear Lord sends every shepherd of the human flock to do the same. That is, for instance, if a captain of the Salvation Army has got a hundred members in his or her corps, and if one of those members falls back into the world, he or she should go after that one till it is found. They should say to the others, "Such an one is gone back into the world, and we must go after him, and bring him back by force if he will not come willingly; that is, we will all plead with God for that one and till He has restored it." When God sees that the human shepherd is in earnest to take every one with him, He will not only bring the prodigal sheep back into the fold again, but will bring hundreds of fresh ones in, and will provide more shepherds to help to take care of them, and more places to meet in, as He knows where the money is, and it is only for Him just to touch the heart, and the money is given.

As the shepherd has to be out in all sorts of weather, it is a common thing for him to be almost crippled with rheumatism through catching cold from wearing his wet clothes, and sometimes it throws him into consumption and brings him to an early grave.

If men will endure this for the natural flock, what should not men endure for the human flock?

Supposing I were going to leave the flock that I am now shepherding to go to another place and take another flock of sheep, I should leave my present place on the Saturday night and commence at my new one on the Sunday morning, and I should require the master or one of the men who knew where all the sheep were, to give me the correct number in each field. When I had received all the required instructions, the flock of sheep would be placed in my hands, and I should be held responsible for every one that died through my neglect on my part.

Dear Sir, we will call a captain a shepherd, and we will say you are going to require him from one station to another. Perhaps he will arrive in the evening and go to the hall, and meet his new flock and hear their testimonies, and by their testimonies he can form an idea of what sort of a corps it is. What comes next? The roll-book should be carefully examined, as the names that are written in it are counted as sheep committed to his charge. The next thing for him to find out is, whether those human sheep are free from maggots, or foot-rot, as this would be the first thing that I should look after with regard to the flock I had just taken charge of. As I was being shown round the first time, my eye would be upon every sheep as keen as possible, and I should want to see every sheep walk. In order to know how many have ones there were among them, and all others that required immediate attention I should at once see after, and then leave them till Monday morning. At six o'clock I should be expected by my new master to be at my post, and if I stayed at home till about ten or eleven o'clock, the farmer would say, "Where have you been all the first part of the day? Where you have been you run go again, as I don't want such men as you upon my farm." And if I should be thrown out of work altogether, and it would serve me right, too.

And this is how all the idle shepherds of the human flock deserve also to be treated.

(To be continued.)

Snap-Shots from Bermuda

During the winter months in Bermuda we can scarcely turn except we come in contact with a tourist and the inevitable camera. The thought came to the mind of the writer, Why not give the War Cry the benefit of some snap shots of a different character, taken with God's camera—our mind and eyes?

No. 1.

Open the slide. Look out for a good light, this will make a good picture. A country road. Glendens nodding their plume-covered heads in the sunlight. Two S. A. officers going riding in the country. A lad in view with the S. A. badge on his coat, walking leisurely along with his eyes fixed upon a book in his hand. Who is it? What is he reading? A bandman of the St. Georges corps studying his musical catechism; works all day in the tailor shop, goes to the hall to light up immediately after tea, stays till the end of the prayer meeting, has time to study his music except when walking to and from dinner. Click! Close the slide. Good negative.

No. 2.

Open again. Poor light, rather doubtful. Ten three, S. A. officers. Tap at the door. Lieutenant goes into darkness outside; calls the Captain. A small voice from the darkness, "Captain, I reversed today." Who is it? Bring him in. Oh, it is one of the Juniors who came out on Sunday. Click! Close slide. Pass it on.

No. 3.

Open again. Bright light; morning. Good time for photographs. Bad through a sort of level in Road Island. S. A. officer riding on a bicycle in haste to catch the boat for Hamilton. Any off in the distance a red coat is seen; looking more intently you see the familiar of a handkerchief. Who is what does it mean? A member of the Naval and Military League is duty; not able to be at the meeting; the night before, and is trying to get "All right" to the Captain. Click! Negative all right.

No. 4.

Open the fourth time. I think you can get a picture, despite the head sunlight. Midnight; S. A. officers writhing at her desk. Knock at a door. Who can be there this hour of the night? Opens door. Standing on the doorstep in the moonlight is a per drunken lad, so young, but so disheveled. "Captain, I want you to pay me." "Will you come in?" "No; I kneel down here." The Captain calls the other officer and together they kneel in the moonlight and pray. Does God answer that prayer? Yes! The lad goes home, wakes his father and mother and tells them he is saved. Click! Another good picture, pleasant for the angels in heaven to look upon.

The Silent Battles.

Sages and history, a wondrous story. Have a revealed, through all the ages down. Of strife and peace, of battles and of glory, Of cross and crown.

Brave men have risen to heed the call of duty.

True souls have grappled with the shape of Wrong. And through their wars have come in martial beauty.

Unspooled and strong.

But in your tomes I find nowhere recorded.

Nowhere endowed with its honors due.

One tale of valor, tested and rewarded—

One tale that's true.

It is the unconfessed, unnumbered story.

Repeating in each life from sun to sun.

Of man's long, silent struggle, and of God's glory.

When Right has won.

In all the record of the past, oh, dear!

Is God's right hand more manifest than when, by prayerful, earnest, firm endeavor,

Man masters Wrong.

Frank W. Hall.



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RAYED FROM THE STRAIGHT PATH.

An Adventure.

By A. JESS.

One summer time, and, one day, I left far behind me the busy and sought the solitude of the hills. I found myself travelling a way that lay along the highest of a small mountain range. Here, altitude of four hundred feet from the level, Nature had shown in one of her strongest moods, around me towered the forest of beech, maple and birch, while on these grew in profusion the wood and hazel, and other trees of the woods, forming a thick growth.

As I went, the land sloped away gently for less than a mile, to where rocky precipice and overhanging cliffs greeted the waters of the Bay.

As I went, as I passed along, the path lay gently at first, then with a steeper incline, till, only a few rods away, the perpendicular need the now placed waters of the Bay, which, in waves, seemed to be dancing waltzes to a friendly fashion in and out of the crevices, and round the outcrops, and when storms fell, under at the base of the cliff as if it smoldered.

At this point I paused a moment, by the stream, as, through a narrow undergrowth, I could see a wide stretch of water, beyond with the land, blue-tinted distance. I was suddenly possessed with an intense desire to get near, leaving the path. I started to go. No thought of danger as I pressed eagerly forward, my way through the undergrowth and past the obstacles, finding a growing steeper as I went. In a sudden, I found myself very close to the rock-faced cliff, and my footing so uncertain seemed hardly possible that I ever be able to get back to my place again.

I looked into the wonderful below, I needed for a moment, and with terror, and then, putting my strength, I managed in my to clamber up to the path I had left, thankful beyond expression that my life had not paid the price of my carelessness, having a lesson that has come home to me with redoubled force in a spirit since I have been pursuing my way of life on the pathway that is so narrow.

Often there appears on one side of our pathway those pleasures of worldliness and pleasure that seem to promise to the self-denying soul, but tempt and allure from the path, those who stop to look at them. How many have we have faithfully followed the path till something of this draws them aside, and we find them, as, in spite of our entreaties, they have gone curve out of sight, and we are seen them come back to the path again. Their souls have been in the mire, and the path is safe. Let us follow it, till at the end of the way we shall find a picture that shall shine all these, and in it we shall dwell eternally.

Power of a Song.

Who had had many prayers for her salvation, one Sunday sitting in her home, she only she heard the words of a known song, "There is a life, then, say," given out by a Candidate at an open-air meeting, far from where she was, seemed to strike straight, and to go? No! Then she heard the words, "Though we are every one, Jesus died," may be cleansed from every sin, and the way. The deed. She followed to the end, to God, and is now a true work.

I never forget that the giving of often has as much effect as a word.—A. Green.

THE WAR CRY.

13



How Capt. Jarvis Found Peace

I was born in London, Eng., brought up in the English Church. From the day of my confirmation I longed to be converted, and began to seek after God. It was a weary search, inconsistent, variable, often departed from, only to be renewed, and thank God, through His grace, never entirely given up. From time to time my way would be brightened with a ray of hope, yet, as a rule, passed away to the mist of doubt and temptation. I longed for peace and would have given all I loved best in this world, and would gladly exchange my lot with any who possessed that joy and peace in the Lord that I could not find. It was just 12 months later I received a letter from a friend, to whom I had written, asking me "If I had taken God at His word. Wren't His call, His promise of acceptance, enough for me?" On how my heart thrilled, I saw it all. Surely I could trust Him! I went to my room, and asked God to save me this time taking Him at His word that, "If thou shalt commit unto Me, I will be no wise cast out." Then at there, at 12:30 p. m., May 5th, 1881, I was born again. My heart was filled with peace, and I knew I was saved. For five years I went forward and taught in the Sunday school, and then, with a friend who was a Salvationist, went to an Army meeting where God impressed it upon me, it was there where He wanted me to work for Him. I could not understand it. I struggled and rebelled for months, but at last gave in, and at four years' soldiery, entered the old Training Home at Chapt. Eng., from whence I entered the 4th, and after several appointments in Eastern counties, was sent to China three years ago. I am well saved; I love my work, value my position, and in spite of a weak body, doing a man's work in the great S. Hallelujah!—R. Jarvis, Capt.

Was Called "A Young Dev."

Born in the year 1874, in the town of Heart's Content, Nfld., my father being a Welshman and my mother a Newfoundland, who loved and cared for me as only a mother could do. About the time I was born (or shortly after) my father professed agnosticism. I was noted as a "young dev" because the desire for evil was in me. This devil had the control, and I did not care for God or parents; I drank, smoked, stole, robbed, and kept late hours, kept bad company, and committed all devilry. I sure I would have known the food of the baumeur's knot. God, in His loving kindness, on April 1st, 1888, I sat in the Army barracks, as usual, I rose and said, "Boys, he goes! I'll try it!" I felt at the time, a half-dimmed soul. I saw my lost state, I cried to Him in tears, "Oh, I heard a voice say, 'Go in peace and sin no more.'" Since that time I've been going on. It was heaven to me. To-day I have the honor to be a Captain in this glorious war.—Capt. R. Pugh.

How Ensign Penny Met the Saviour.

About fourteen years ago the advent of the S. A. to our town made quite a stir. People of all classes, rich and poor, went to hear these very peculiar people. The writer being a "good" Methodist, declared in a very determined tone of voice that there was no need of the Army in the town of C—, and on being asked to attend one of their meetings, most emphatically declined. At last curiosity got the better of my prejudiced feelings, and I ventured to hear these strange folks, and I must say, after attending one of their meetings, I came away with a different feeling to what I had previously, for in that meeting I became convinced that these people had a power I was ignorant of, but which I secretly wished to become a recipient of. As

I continued these meetings I became more and more miserable until my burden became unbearable, and I made up my mind to extricate myself from the sin that held me, and a few nights after found me seeking and finding pardon at an open-air meeting. Realizing that I had been saved to save others, I threw myself right into the fight, and after fifteen months of soldiery, I obeyed the call and fared well for the field. Appointments followed, such as Little Bay, Grand Bank, Bonnyville, Bay Roberts, Hants Harbor, and a lot of others in Newfoundland. Next comes Canada, where I have been fighting for nearly six years, and where I am now filling my thirteenth appointment. All glory to God for the hundreds I have seen saved, a number of whom are officers to-day. I love the Army better than ever, and I am a Salvationist for earth and heaven.—Yours to save, L. Penny, Ensign.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best,
And what seems but idle show,
Strengthens and supports the rest.

Fragrant Fragments.

By ANONYMOUS.

I.—Growth.

Did you ever plant and watch a Chinese lily grow and bloom? This winter I held one in my hand; it was simply a dry, withered bulb, and one could see no promise of beauty in it, and yet that dry bulb, if properly treated, would grow and bring forth beautiful blossoms. We first laid it in water for some hours, and then placing it in a jar, with water and a few stones to keep it in place, set it aside, away from the light for a few days, that the roots might get a good start. After bringing it to the light, we simply gave it water as needed, and it was truly wonderful how quickly it grew and was soon a mass of snowy and golden waxen blossoms, beautiful indeed to gaze upon. Left to itself, nothing but a dry bulb; brought into the proper environment.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God," etc., and that the contrast between that dry bulb and the flowering plant was no greater, nor as great, as will be the contrast between what we are now, and what we shall be when we shall see Him as He is and be like Him.

Unsaved reader, hidden within you lies the germ of an endless life. Escapit into the right environment, to Christ, Who died to redeem you, the Living Water, the True Light, your soul will grow and blossom for eternity. Apart from Him you remain dry, withered, a lost soul throughout eternity. But you may drink and live, "Whosoever will let Him take of the water of life freely."

II.—Hindering Others.

"Them that were entering in, ye hindered."—Luke xi, 52.
"A vexation arises, and our expressions of impatience hinder others from taking it patiently. Disappointment, affliction, or even weather depresses us; and our look or tone of depression hinders others from maintaining a cheerful and thankful spirit. We say an unkind thing, and another is hindered in carrying the holy lesson of charity that thinketh no evil. How sadly, too, we may hinder without word or act! For wrong feeling is more infectious than wrong doing, especially the various phases of ill temper, gloominess, touchiness, discontent, irritability—in we know how catching there are?"—F. H. Havergal.

III.—An Album Leaf.

Some time ago, while away from home, I met a lady from Halifax, who, seeing by my uniform or dress that I was a member of the Army, kindly spoke of the work of the S. A. and different officers she had come in contact with.

The following incident, which I will try and repeat as near as I remember in her own words, was very interesting and touching to me; so much so that I asked her to copy the lines written in her album so that I might not forget them. This is her story:

"Some years ago, before the S. A. came to Halifax, an English steamer, on her way to the U. S., stopped one morning for coal. She had on board Commissioner Kallou, then on his way to New York, and while waiting he thought he would take a walk up town. He got as far as the market, and then, seeing the crowd standing around, he took off his cap, and, standing there alone, in his plain blue suit, preached to the people, becoming so interested as to forget time, and when he finished and returned to the wharf, the steamer had sailed. It was different then from now—no other boat for a fortnight. During that time a hull was taken and meetings held. My father became well acquainted with the Commissioner and invited him to our home to meet a few friends. I was then but a young girl, and asked him to write in my autograph album. I know the words by heart, and they are so striking that almost everyone who looks at the book speaks of them.

She then repeated the following: "Are you saved? Whoever is saved knows it. Being justified by faith we have peace with God. Ask and receive that your joy may be full. When saved, spend your life in spending others. The life of a soul saved is the brightest, grandest, merriest life that can be lived on earth—the life of Jesus lived over again by Him in us. It is easier to live thus than any other way, but it will cost you ALL to live there, and a good bargain at that." Such earnest words will surely bear fruit for eternity.

IV.—On the Promise or the Promised

I once attended a large open-air service, and as the choir of many voices was singing the hymn, "Standing on the promises," I noticed among the listeners, near the front, an old man who appeared much excited. As the singing went on he apparently could stand it no longer, and rising to his feet he shouted, "I've a message from the Lord Jesus Christ for you. If you're standing on the promises, you're wrong. Christ is the solid rock, the only sure foundation."

At once there came to my mind that beautiful verse, "The promise is true," Oh, yes, praise God! all the precious promises in Him are yes, and in Him only. He, indeed, is the sure foundation. 1. Cor. iii, 11. Let us take heed.

WOMAN

A woman in Paris, who had lived with a man for about thirty years, had been abandoned by him, and was left to hunger and death. She determined in her misery to end her life, and to buy with her last centimes some charcoal in order to smother herself with the gas. Accordingly she went to a man who sold coal of this description and who was a Salvationist. He wrapped the coal up in a copy of the French edition of the War Cry. After she got home she put the coal in the stove, as preparation for her ghastly deed. The paper was just going the same way, when some word in a heading attracted her attention. Instead of making a fire with it she began to read, and, as she read, a star of hope seemed to gleam through the darkness. She went to the man who sold the coal and told him all about herself, and he was not slow to report her case to the saint officers.

To-day this woman lives a happy life, supporting herself with honest labor, and it is touching to hear her thankfulness to the Salvation Army and its blessed messenger, the War Cry.

True beauty becomes?

"Since blackened roots and shapeless, withered weeds,
By patient skill we bring to fairest flowers;
Since He can meet a whole world's hungry needs
By sunshine and soft whisks and passing showers;
Up to what beauty and what service leads

His love, when we are ill and His alone?"

—Rev. Mark Guy Pearce.

Is it not true that we have no idea what God can do with the soul that is fully yielded to Him? Some people may read this who are to-day held back from active service or some special field of usefulness you long to enter. Remember the days of waiting were not lost days. Oh, no! The roots were striking down and growing strong, to nourish the coming blossoms. Let your waiting days be days of soul growth. Then, again, I thought of God's own work.

Hustlers' Rendezvous.

**A Calm before the Storm
THE SHAKE-UP IS FAST
APPROACHING.**

**Watch the East — Portentous
Warning.**

HERE AND THERE ABOUT THINGS

Ah! I smell a rat! It is floating in the air! It steals across my frame! Its unerring accents reach my ear! Do you know what it is? I'll tell you. The East is rising. Insurrection is rampant. I firmly expect to see a regular violent upheaval. I have been watching events for weeks, and hasten to inform my readers that the Eastern is the coming Province.

I know Major Southall will object, and say the West Ontario can't be beaten. I fully expect a defiant letter from Staff-Capt. Phillips. I am prepared to receive threats and innuendoes from the London Staff, but I must still repeat that the Eastern Star will eclipse the Western Star. I may be mistaken, but I have first to be convinced before I apologize.

Brigadier Gaskin, of the C. O. P., has of course to be reckoned with, and Major Hargrave, of the East Ontario Province, will have a word to say. Well, I repeat that the Eastern Province will head the list shortly. Let's all wait and see how things turn out.

Very sorry, Staff-Captain Phillips, but your London boomers arrived much too late to insert in last week's Cry. Sorry, indeed! So are you, eh?

Congratulations to Mrs. Adjutant Hughes on her able remarks before the crowd of officers at the London Councils on "How to boom the Cry." I hear it was a brave speech.

A Few Pointers.

QUESTION.—Why should War Cry be sold on Sundays?

ANSWER.—They are not sold for gain, but for the glory of God. The money does not go into any man's pockets, but into the treasury. Many hundreds of souls have been saved through reading the Cry.

QUESTION.—Is it not inviting temptation for sisters to visit saloons?

ANSWER.—I have yet to hear of any ill-treatment to which a War Cry seller has been subjected, even in the lowest saloons. God especially takes care of His own.

QUESTION.—Are War Cry's sold in meetings to be counted when sending in list of sales?

ANSWER.—No. Boomers should only credit themselves with numbers sold outside of the barracks.

QUESTION.—When can we expect that special Boomers' War Cry?

ANSWER.—Very shortly. The photos are now being etched.

To Major Pickering, the new P. O. of the Eastern Province, I send my best greetings, and would like to assure him that he will find the Eastern folks just as nice and smart as you like. And I should also like to suggest, Major, that we (the dougans of the Editorial Department) are very easy to get along with, but a liberal supply of the "boom" spirit makes all the difference in the world. You'll be surprised, Major, really. If you want to find how amiable we are, entente that phase of our friendship.

Notes.

Capt. Helman, Champion Boomer, 270!

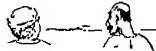
The Eastern Province has issued boomers' slips to each corps.

Capt. Hooker, of Kusto, sold off some old Cry's he had lying round. Anybody else got old Cry's to sell?

A hint to the North-West Provincial Office.—Please make out the boomers' list according to number of sales, that is, in order of merit. Thanks.

Is it true that Barrie is getting up a War Cry Brigade?

Will all concerned let us have the boomers' lists by Thursday morning, at the latest?



T. aug. 1900

MID.

CAJ.

S. M.

MRS.

LEON.

Capt.

Capt.

Capt.

Mrs.

LEON.

Sister.

Sister.

Sister.

Capt.

Capt.

Capt.

Capt.

Adj.

Mrs.

Adj.

Sister.

LEON.

Bro.

Bro.

Sergt-Major Mrs. Scott, Guelph.

Capt. Jarvis, Theford.

Sister Cutting, Essex.

Sergt-Major Howlett, Petrolia.

P. S. M. Mrs. Nov. Ingersoll.

Sister H. Erb, Berlin.

Capt. Tyun, Palmerston.

Capt. Matthews, Lacombe.

Adj. McHugh, Brantford.

Sergt. Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville.

Sec. Gifford, Simcoe.

Capt. Green, Shute.

Capt. McLeod, Galt.

Sister C. McQueen, St. Thomas.

Sister Coppens, St. Thomas.

Capt. Fell, Wallaceburg.

Capt. Wilson, Hespeler.

Capt. Hermann, Guelph.

Sister Simpson, Guelph.

Sec. May, Drayton.

LEON. Whittier, Bothwell.

Mrs. Adj. McLaugh, Brantford.

Sec. Mrs. Harris, London.

Ensign McKenzie, Essex.

Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Blenheim.

LEON. Munford, Lacombe.

LEON. Beach, Ingersoll.

Sergt. Mrs. Butler, London.

LEON. Thompson, Guelph.

Capt. Rees, Norwich. 22
Sergt. Mrs. Wakelind, Forest. 22
Mrs. McGulm, Blenheim. 21
LEON. Smith, Sarnia. 22
Sister Mrs. Tremain, Galt. 20
Capt. Coe, Sarnia. 20
Corps Cadet Keeler, Windsor. 20
Sister G. Chiesman, London. 21
Capt. Freeman, Ridgeway. 20
Sergt-Major Dearling, Hespeler. 20
Sergt. Tremain, Hespeler. 20
Sergt-Major Rose, Hespeler. 20
LEON. Jordan, Lambton. 20
Capt. Liston, Forest. 20
LEON. Crawford, Wingham. 20
LEON. Hart, Norwich. 20
Capt. McDonald, Norwich. 20
Sister Ellis, Blenheim. 20
Capt. Bonny, Bothwell. 20
Sergt. Graham, Thamesville. 20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

TO Hustlers.

CAPT. WILSON, Collingwood. 128
Bro. Dixon, Temple. 80
Mrs. Pearson, Hamilton. 80
Mrs. Pearce, Temple. 78
Capt. Williams, St. Catharines. 61
Bro. Case, Hamilton. 60
Matthews, Bracebridge. 54

LEON. Williams, Kemptville. 70
Capt. O'Neil, Morrisburg. 68
Sister Mrs. Barber, Burlington. 63
Adj. Ogilvie, Sherbrooke. 63
Sergt. Thomson, Belleville. 63
Ensign Stedger, Belleville. 61
LEON. Norman, Gananoque. 61
Capt. Crego, Gananoque. 61
Capt. Banks, Quebec. 61
Capt. Connors, Arnprior. 60
Ensign Hill, Arnprior. 60
Bro. Phillips, Barre. 59
LEON. Hepburn, Burlington. 58
Capt. Norman, Nanawau. 58
Capt. Huxtable, Brockville. 57
LEON. Woods, Nanawau. 52
Capt. Jones, Montreal. 50
Capt. Downey, Montreal. 50
Capt. McIntyre, Renfrew. 50
Capt. Beuchamp, Deseronto. 50
Capt. Patten, Collingwood. 50
LEON. Liddell, Perth. 50
Sergt. Itchen, Montreal. 50
Sister Mrs. Stone, Lakeside. 50
Capt. Finlady, Bloomfield. 48
Sergt. Dine, Kingston. 48
Capt. Vance, Deseronto. 42
J. S. M. Thompson, Port Hope. 41
Sister Brown, Montreal. 40
Capt. Green, Twined. 40
Sister Saunders, Montreal. 35
Sister Ross, Montreal. 35
Mrs. Barnes, Montreal. 35
Capt. Grose, Brighton. 35
Capt. Sleeth, Prescott. 35
Mr. Hickman, Prescott. 35
Sister Darling, Port Hope. 35
Mrs. Shaver, Montreal. 32
Mr. Barich, Sherbrooke. 32
Mr. Nyland, Odessa. 31
Mr. Chillingworth, Montreal. 30
Mr. Tuck, Millbrook. 30
Mr. Vake, Millbrook. 30
Mr. McFarlane, Cobourg. 30
S. M. Matthe, Cornwall. 30
Mr. Lalonde, St. Johnsbury. 28
Mr. Kivell, Morrisburg. 28
Bridgde, Montreal. 25
Capt. Burditt, Montreal. 25
Mr. McConall, Ottawa. 25
Stevens, Peterboro. 25
Mr. Stanforth, Cobourg. 24
Mr. S. Armour, Campbellford. 24
Mr. Mrs. Wentworth, Kingston. 23
Mr. Lallow, Peterboro. 23
Mr. Vance, Belleville. 22
Mr. Scrimm, Montreal. 21
Mr. Owen, Sudbury. 20
Golear, St. Johnsbury. 20
Duquette, Trenton. 20
Hessey, Barre. 20
Mr. Wolf, Montreal. 20
Hippert, Montreal. 20
Mr. Verex, Montreal. 20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

IS Hustlers.

T. GOODWIN, Charlottetown. 140
T. J. GOSW, Halifax. 139
BR. WHITE, Hamilton. 125
GUILFORD, St. John. 115
GT. MAJOR VEINOT, Hall. 110
BR. GRAYHAM, Halifax. 106
T. THOMPSON, Campbellton. 100
T. FLEMING, Somerset, Ber. 100
A. Little Richards, St. Stephen. 91
K. Kelly, St. Georges, Ber. 92
A. Smith, Yarmouth. 91
T. McHugh, Carleton. 90
A. Bradbury, New Glasgow. 87
S. M. Warren, Charlottetown. 80
Mr. Lehan, Fredericton. 80
Mr. Ebsary, Fredericton. 80
Mr. Meikle, Hillsboro. 75
Mr. Drupard, Springfield. 72
LEON. Hebb, Pictou. 67
Mrs. Ensign Fraser, Springfield. 60

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

SI Hustlers.

CAPT. FRENCH, Peterboro. 201
LEON. BROOKETS, Ottawa. 185
CAPT. WILSON, Newport. 120
LEON. BUTCHER, Cornwall. 118
SERGE. DUDLEY, Ottawa. 115
S. M. PERKINS, Barre. 110
CAPT. WILLIAMS, St. Albans. 107
LEON. ALMAR, Brockville. 102
SISTER BLOSS, Pembroke. 100
LEON. Symonds, St. Albans. 96
S. M. Symonds, Kingston. 85
Ensign Sims, Pictou. 85
Adj. Goodwin, Ottawa. 80
LEON. Dawson, St. Johnsbury. 80
Capt. Crego, Trenton. 74



Caught by one who was waiting outside. Mr. Smith, of the Smith Manufacturing Company, denouncing a letter to his shorthand.

Editor War Cry.

Toronto,

Dear Sir,

Please find enclosed P. O. O. for one year's subscription to your valuable paper. I have found it very helpful when perplexed during business hours.

Yours sincerely,

J. Smith.

15th

NOV.

48 H.

CADET POTTER.

MRS. CAPT. WE.

Forks.

LEON. Lloyd.

LEON. Anderson.

Ensign Dean, Can.

LEON. Rodgett, G.

LEON. Woodworth.

2 wks.

Mrs. Capt. Knud.

LEON. E. Anders.

Cadet McLeod, M.

LEON. Forsberg, M.

Mrs. Capt. Wilk.

Public.

Capt. Flaws, En.

Mrs. Capt. Habla.

LEON. Wick, Lett.

Capt. Patterson, G.

LEON. Emberton.

Capt. Hurst, Jam.

Mary Chapman, V.

LEON. Dunson.

Sergt. Bergson, G.

Cadet A. Cook, I.

Frank Rogers, R.

LEON. Wilcox, M.

LEON. N. Anders.

Mrs. Capt. O'Sell.

LEON. Ash, Y.

Capt. Nuttall, P.

Capt. Stuckes, C.

Cadet Cook, P.

Capt. O'Sell, H.

Capt. Brandner, J.

Sergt. Coleman, M.

S. Chapman, W.

Sarah Craswell, V.

Capt. Mayson, V.

LEON. Blund, M.

LEON. Yerry, Calg.

LEON. McConnell.

Mrs. Heath, Ginn.

Capt. Creamery, S.

Sergt. Johnson, S.

Sergt. Penfold, V.

Capt. Myers, M.

LEON. F. Brown.

Capt. Campbell, I.

Sergt. Jackson, B.

Capt. Kinis, M.

PACIFIC

40 I.

Williams, Kemptville	70
W. Nell, Morrisburg	69
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	69
Glavin, Sherbrooke	69
Thompson, Belleville	69
Stalger, Belleville	69
Forman, Gananoque	69
Trago, Gananoque	69
Anks, Quebec	69
onnors, Arnprior	69
Hill, Arnprior	69
Hills, Burrie	69
Leahman, Burlington	69
omun, Nanaimo	69
instable, Brockville	69
Voods, Nanaimo	69
mes, Montreal II	69
owney, Montreal II	69
claire, Renfrew	69
Leachall, Deseronto	69
ntion, Collingwood	69
rown, Perth	69
Addell, Perth	69
ichon, Montreal IV	69
arber, Kingston	69
rs. Stone, Lakeside	69
hullin, Bloomfield	69
ina, Kingston	69
mes, Deseronto	69
I. Thompson, Port Hope	69
rown, Montreal I	69
reen, Tweed	69
ngdon, Montreal I	69
mes, Montreal I	69
mes, Montreal I	69
ose, Brighton	69
oth, Prescott	69
ekman, Prescott	69
arling, Port Hope	69
over, Montreal I	69
urich, Sherbrooke	69
cloud, Odessa	69
illingsworth, Montreal IV	69
ick, Millbrook	69
ike, Millbrook	69
McFarlane, Cobourg	69
Matthew, Cornwall	69
londie, St. Johnsbury	69
ivell, Morrisburg	69
Orde, Montreal I	69
l. Burditt, Montreal I	69
Coulter, Ottawa	69
onson, Peterboro	69
lford, Cobourg	69
Amour, Campbellford	69
rs. Wentworth, Kingston	69
adow, Peterboro	69
nce, Belleville	69
Sereton, Montreal I	69
son, St. Johnsbury	69
ur, St. Johnsbury	69
ntie, Trenton	69
sey, Barre	69
er, Montreal I	69
ghart, Montreal II	69
rex, Montreal III	69



by one who was waiting out
Smith, of the Smith Manu-
Company, despatching a letter
rthand—
ry Cry,
oronto,
e final enclosed P. O. O. for
subscription to your val-
I have found it very help-
perplexed during business
Yours sincerely,
J. Smith.

ALBERTA PROVINCE	
48 Husbands.	
CADET POTTER, Winnipeg	322
MRS. CAPE WESTACOTT, Grand	
Forks	
Lieut. Lloyd, Fort William	110
Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	10
Ensign Dunn, Calgary	68
Lieut. Blodgett, Calgary	68
Lieut. Woodworth, Moosomin (iv.)	67
2 wks.	
Mrs. Capt. Knudson, Winnipeg	65
Lieut. E. Anderson, Fargo	65
Cadet McLeod, Moose Jaw	54
Lieut. Forsberg, Grafton	51
Mrs. Capt. Wilkins, Portage la	
Prairie	
Capt. Platts, Emerson	55
Mrs. Capt. Haskirk, Port Arthur	51
Lieut. Wick, Lethbridge	50
Capt. Patterson, Brandon	45
Lieut. Emberson, Emerson	42
Capt. Hurst, Jamestown	40
Mary Chapman, Winnipeg	39
Lieut. Binson, Neepawa	37
Serge. Bergon, Grafton	36
Cadet A. Cook, Fargo	35
Frank Rogers, Regina	32
Lieut. Wilcox, Morden	32
Lieut. N. Anderson, Oakes	31
Mrs. Capt. O'Neil, Hillsboro	31
Lieut. Askin, Virden	30
Cadet. Nittell, Portage la Prairie	30
Capt. Stukels, Carberry	30
Cadet Cook, Fargo	28
Capt. O'Neil, Hillsboro	28
Capt. Brundson, Morden	28
Serge. Coleman, Port Portage	27
S. Chapman, Winnipeg	25
Sarah Cresswell, Valley City	25
Capt. Malton, Valley City	25
Mrs. Jerry, Calgary	24
Lieut. McConnell, Jamestown	24
Mrs. Heath, Grand Forks	20
Capt. Cromarty, Oakes	20
Serge. Johnson, Winnipeg	20
Serge. Pontford, Winnipeg	20
Capt. Myers, Alton	20
Lieut. W. Brown, Hannah	20
Capt. Campbell, Grafton	20
Serge. Johnson, Blomberg	20
Cadet. Kinias, Minnedosa	20
PACIFIC PROVINCE	
40 Husbands.	
CAPT. ILAAS, Rossland	180
LIEUT. FLOYD, Butte	158
MRS. CAPT. HOOKER, Keno	140
MRS. CAPT. BROWN, Lewiston	105
CAPT. NORRIS, Billings	105
Lieut. Langill, Helena	80
Sister Davidson, New Westminster	80
Lieut. Tracy, Alameda	80
Capt. Thout, Spokane	80
Lieut. Betts, Kamloops	80
Capt. Gooding, Victoria, B.C.	80
Sister Lewis, Victoria, B.C.	80
Capt. Scott, Spokane	70
Capt. Meyers, Alameda	70
Capt. Ziebarth, Knapell	70

THE WAR CRY.	
Capt. Beaumont, Livingston	65
Capt. Perreault, Nanaimo	52
Lieutenant Gahn, Bozeman	48
Lieut. Floyd, Missoula	48
Capt. Quant, Trail	47
Capt. Bailey, Missoula	46
Adj. Stevens, Spokane	45
Sister Powell, New Whitson	41
Sister Montell, Dillon	40
Capt. Krell, Nanaimo	38
Ensign Ziebarth, New Westmin-	
ster	35
Sister Mortimer, Victoria, B.C.	35
Sister Wallender, Rossland	34
Lieut. Jones, Mt. Vernon	30
Sister Carter, Butte	30
Sister Berry, New Whitson	30
Capt. Miller, Sheridan	25
Lieut. Greavett, Sheridan	25
Lieut. Gahn, Belt	23
Capt. Southall, Bozeman	22
Bro. Beutvater, Spokane	21
Capt. Thorkildson, Spokane	20
Capt. Hooker, Keno	20
Lieut. Trill, Livingston	20
Sister White, Nanaimo	20



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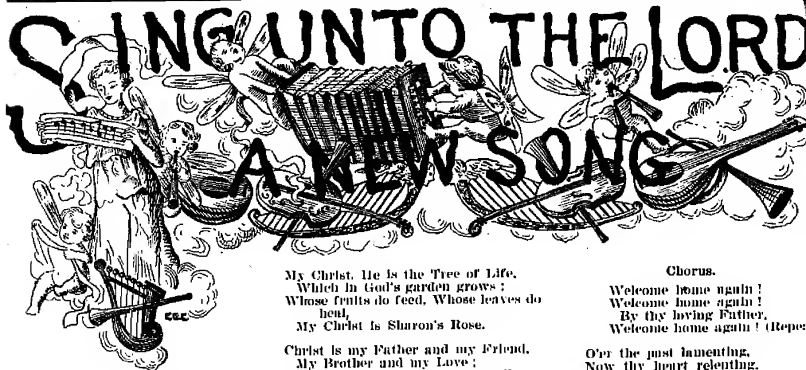
Some Montreal Pars. As a Roaring Lion.
During the past few weeks we have had a variety of very interesting meetings. Some few cases of salvation have gladdened the hearts of our comrades, and the saying foretold to three of our number, who have gone into training for officership, has reminded us that life is full of changes, and the soldier should be ready to fill the vacancies made by those who have stepped further towards the front.
Brigadiers Bennett and Complin conducted a special musical farewell meeting on the Friday evening prior to embarking on the "Seaboard." After the meeting, the corps, headed by the brass band, escorted them to the wharf, where the final parting words were said.
It is absolutely immaterial to the devil whom he destroys, so long as he does destroy. That is his mission, the destruction of God's Kingdom. Every day of our lives we see how surely sin works his devilish designs, and yet how many of us play with the toy the devil has designed to be our ruin. We cannot say that we have not been warned, for we see ruined lives, ruined homes, and blasted reputations all around us, pointing with unobscured meaning to the curse which has ruined them. With all earnestness and power I ask you to slum even the appearance of evil, and cling to good. It will pay on earth and in heaven.

How Others See Us.
The Klondike and the S. A.
W. Charles Squier, of Santa Barbara, writes about the work of the Salvation Army at Dawson City, in the Santa Barbara Morning Press, as follows:
"There are thousands of men here who are out of work, and out of money. There are others who have provisions which they brought with them into the country, but they are tying idly, listlessly round, eating up their supplies, waiting for the river to open up, so that they can take the first boat out of the country in the spring. There are still others who have neither provisions nor shelter, and they are kept alive by their fortunate fellow-men. Some of them are destitute through simple misfortune, others—yes, many—through their inability to resist the temptation of gambling and drinking. Dawson, in 'man traps,' can hold her own and give many other 'hot towns' points, and then 'win out.'"

12,000 Meals Gratis.
"The Salvation Army has furnished 12,000 meals gratis, and has supplied an equal number of blankets for these unfortunates. It is a grand institution, being free from all favoritism of certain classes above others, and, in my opinion, the time will come when, by her strong organization, she will leave all other religious organizations far in the background. All over this numinous sphere the Salvation Army has spread its gentle hand. There is not a continent, there is not a country, there is not a city, a village, or a hamlet, but, there is not a spot on this earth where sin exists, where sorrow lingers, where hunger and misery can be found, where kindness and charity can be practiced, where sweet words of charity can be whispered in lonely ears, where the Salvation Army is not found, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, tending the sick, strengthening the weak and wicked, and by generous deeds of kindness and brotherly love, spreading the sunshine of God's Gospel into the dark and dreary hearts of all mankind."

"Give All Thou Hast"
"We read in the Good Book of a certain man who claimed that he lived up to all the requirements of the law, from his youth up, and going to the Master he enquired what more He would have him to do. To this enquiry he received the following answer: "Give all thou hast unto the poor, and follow Me."
The devout, self-sacrificing man and woman of the Salvation Army are certainly following in the footsteps of the meek and lowly Saviour.
Surely the good deeds and noble work of this religious band of Christian workers cannot, and will not, go unrewarded. The same hand that directed the ravens to feed Elijah, and caused quail and manna to fall as rain in the wilderness, for the sustenance of the Israelites, will sustain and keep these gallant workers to the end.
"They do not ask or expect remuneration from the recipients of their good deeds; but they are looking far beyond the clouds for that reward, which is promised by the Holy One of Israel in these words: 'Inasmuch as ye did it to one of these, ye have also done it unto Me.'"

IMPORTANT!
HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.
DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING—
PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?
PROPERTY DEEDS?
MORTGAGES?
INSURANCE, OR
LEGACIES?
ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—
CREDITORS, OR
MORTGAGEES?
IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent officer.
Address your letter (marked "Confidential") to Major A. Sweeney, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto. A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.



My Heart is Cleansed.

Tune.—From every stain made clean (B.J. 83).

1 My heart by Thee is cleansed
From every stain of sin,
My thus, my all, to Thee is given,
Give me Thy power within.
Then swift to do Thy will
My feet shall ever be,
To follow in the Calvary path
Until Thy face I see.

Thy love has won my heart,
That love so rich and free;
Now help me, Lord, to do my part,
And do it all for Thee.
Thy power to me is given
To follow in the way,
And tell poor sinners Jesus lives
To help and cleanse to-day.

Thou dost accept, I know,
The service freely given;
Fill me with holy joy and peace,
A foretaste here of heaven.
Then those around shall see
That Thou in me dost live;
And, seeing this, they, too, shall say,
"My life to Christ I'll give."
B. Cooper, Beaufort.

My Glad Response.

Tune.—To me, dear Saviour (B.J. 131, M.S. IV, 48).

2 To me, dear Saviour, yes, to me,
Speak out Thy minstrel will;
What Thy great love doth bid me do
I surely can fulfill.

Chorus.

There is not in my heart left one treasure,
dear Lord,
That I would not yield gladly to Thee;
Only let, in Thy mercy, Thy pleadings
be heard,
They shall gladly be answered by me.

To me, dear Saviour, yes, to me,
Thy gracious pardon show,
That not one sin I've ever sinned
May unforgiven go.

To me, dear Saviour, yes, to me,
The blood-gates open wide,
That even I may stoop and wash
Within the crimson tide.

To me, dear Saviour, yes, to me,
To me, the least of all,
With all my consciousness of guilt,
Thou hast for me a call.

What a Saviour!

Tunes.—Oh, what a Christ (B.J. 75, 49;
Hallelujah to the Lamb (B.J. 101, 71;
Now He sets me free (B.J. 18, 39;
Oh, the Lamb (B.J. 72, 39; Now I
can read (B.J. 78; Never run away
(B.J. 76, 1; B.B. 20).

3 I've found the Pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ I have,
Oh, what a Christ have I!

My Christ, He is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings;
He is the Son of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

My Christ, He is the Tree of Life,
Which in God's garden grows;
Whose fruits do feed, Whose leaves do
heal,
My Christ is Sharon's Rose.

Christ is my Father and my Friend,
My Brother and my Love;
My Bread, my Hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.

Blessed Sunshine!

Tune.—Sunshine in my soul (B.J. 223,
M.S. VI, 104).

4 The night has gone, the day has
come—
There is sunlight in my soul;
My tears have fled, my heart's be-
gan—
There is sunlight in my soul.

Chorus.

Welcome home again!
Welcome home again!
By thy loving Father,
Welcome home again! (Repeat)

O'er the past lamenting,
Now thy heart relenting,
Of thy ways repenting,
Welcome home again!
Now thy steps retreating,
This grand chance embracing,
Faith all darkness chasing,
Welcome home again!

All to Jesus bringing,
Joy-bells now are ringing,
Glad hearts now are singing,
Welcome home again!
Never to cease playing,
No more Christ-honouring,
Love all action swaying,
Welcome home again!

The Field Commissioner, MISS EVANGELINE BOOTH Will Visit ST. JOHN, N. B.

And conduct the following
Meetings:

MONDAY, JUNE 19th.—Soldiers' Meeting.

TUESDAY, JUNE 20th.—Installation of Major and
Mrs. Pickering, the new Provincial Officers,
at the Mechanics' Institute.

Chorus.

There is sunlight, blessed sunlight,
While the peaceful, happy moments
roll;
When Jesus shows His smiling face,
There is sunlight in my soul.

My tears the Lord has wiped away—
There is sunlight in my soul;
I find Him near whenever I pray—
There is sunlight in my soul.

My heart was once a wretched place—
There is sunlight in my soul;
But wonders have been wrought by
grace—
There is sunlight in my soul.

I feel I must break forth in song—
There is sunlight in my soul;
God's praises shall employ my
tongue—
There is sunlight in my soul.

A Backslider's Welcome.

Tune.—Bringing in the sheaves.

5 From thy Home and Father
Thou hast strayed, backslider,
Turned thy back on Jesus,
And thy Saviour slurs.
Though thy sins are crimson,
Ah may be forgiven,
Start again for heaven,
Welcome home again!

Hopeless Without God.

Tunes.—Oh, no, nothing do I bring
(B.J. 83, M.S. II, 35).

6 Jesus, see me at Thy feet,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save
me;
Thou alone my need canst meet,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

Chorus.

No! no! nothing do I bring,
But by faith I'm clinging
To Thy Cross, O Lamb of God!
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

Dark, indeed, the past has been,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
Yet in mercy take me in,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

All that I can do is vain,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
I can ne'er remove a stain,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

Lord, I cast myself on Thee,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
From my guilt, oh, set me free!
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part
of the globe, befriended and, as far as possible,
wronged women and children, or any one in distress.
Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 11 West
at, Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope.
Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray
expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to
regularly "through" this column and to send in
Communications if they are able to give any information
about persons advertised for.

(Second insertion.)

GILBERT STOCK. 30 years of age,
height 5 ft. 4 in., fair hair, blue eyes,
sallow complexion. Carpenter and
joiner by trade. Not heard of since
1893. Last known address No. 6 De
rivieres St., Montreal, and also Pro
testant Home and Refuge, Montreal.
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

THOMAS FAIRBAIN. Age 55
years, height 5 ft. 7 in., dark hair,
brown eyes. Been missing for a num
ber of years. Last known address
Gondridge Road, Lincoln Street, Ne
wcastle, Canada West. Was a farmer.
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

DAVID and WILLIAM CRAB
TREE. Ages 68 and 70 years. Last
known address, Hidden Bridge, Bal
fax. Friends would like to know their
whereabouts. Address Enquiry, To
ronto.

MR. IRISH. Age 40, height 6 ft.,
brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion
is a waiter. Last known address
Richelieu, Quebec. Sister enquires.
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

GEORGE DONNINGTON. Age 42
years, height 5 ft. 6 in., grey eyes,
oval face, medium build, fresh com
plexion, wear on the back of left hand.
Last known address Port Dalhousie.
May have gone to the Klondike. Sister
enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

W. H. JOHN, or ROBERT YOUNG.
Born of Scotch parents in the States.
Finally returned to Scotland, after
wards the above parties returned to
the States. When last heard of was
in Adams, Mass. 17 years of age.
Also.

SAM PARISH. Age about
30 years. Used to live in Florence
Lane, Halifax, England. Roller-maker
by trade. Mrs. McLean enquires. Ad
dress Enquiry, Toronto.

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